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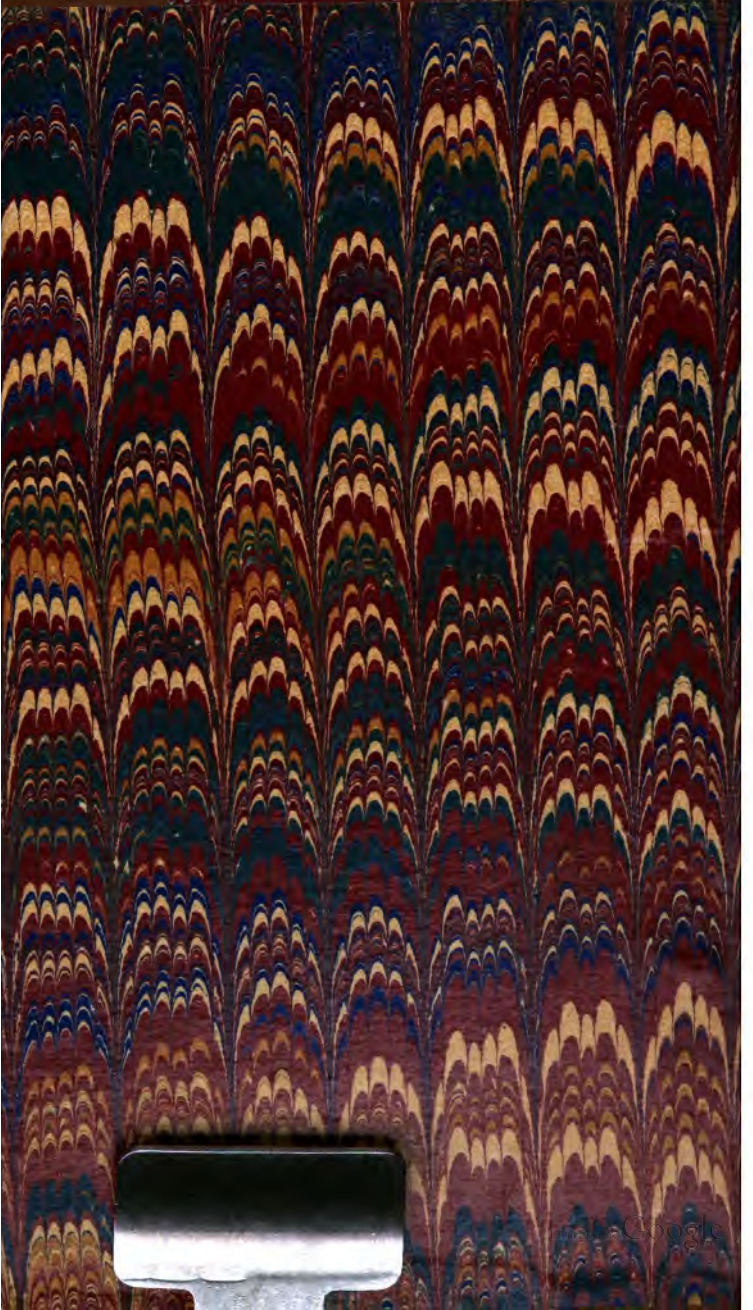

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SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

[WHITE.]

—

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOLUME IX.

—

TRAGEDIES.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA
CORIOLANUS.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE PLAYS EDITED FROM THE FOLIO OF MDCXXIII, WITH VARIOUS READINGS FROM ALL THE EDITIONS AND ALL THE COMMENTATORS, NOTES, INTRODUCTORY REMARKS, A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE TEXT, AN ACCOUNT OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA, A MEMOIR OF THE POET, AND AN ESSAY UPON HIS GENIUS

By RICHARD GRANT WHITE

VOL. IX.

BOSTON
LITTLE BROWN AND COMPANY
1872.

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

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"THE Famous Historie of Troylus *and* Cresseid. *Excellently expressing the beginning* of their loues, with the conceited wooing of *Pandarus* Prince of *Licia*. *Written by* William Shakespeare. LONDON Imprinted by *G. Eld* for *R. Bonian* and *H. Walley*, and are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules Church-yeard, ouer against the great North doore. 1609." 4to. 46 leaves.

"THE Historie of Troylus and Cresseida. *As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties* seruants at the Globe. *Written by* William Shakespeare. LONDON Imprinted by *G. Eld* for *R. Bonian* and *H. Walley*, and are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules Church-yeard, ouer against the great North doore. 1609." 4to. 45 leaves.

The Tragedy of Troilus and Cressida occupies twenty-eight pages, in the folio of 1623. Its pages are not numbered, except the third and fourth, which are numbered "79" and "80." The reverse of its twenty-eighth page is blank. It is not there divided into Acts and Scenes, and is without a list of Dramatis Personæ. The division was made and the list supplied by Rowe.

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

INTRODUCTION.

THE evidence as to the authorship of this play and the time when it was produced is somewhat peculiar. The publication both of the quarto and the folio impressions was attended by certain unusual and significant circumstances, which, combined with the diverse style of the play itself, have been heretofore made the subject of investigations so ingenious and so thorough, that to the present editor is left only the task of selecting from the labors of his not always accordant predecessors those passages which, in his judgment, present the conclusions warranted by the facts of the case.

And first, as to the quarto impressions, Mr. Collier remarks:—

"The play was originally printed in 1609. It was formerly supposed that there were two editions in that year, but they were merely different issues of the same impression: the body of the work (with two exceptions, pointed out hereafter) is alike in each; they were from the types of the same printer, and were published by the same booksellers. The title-pages, as may be seen on the opposite leaf, vary materially; but there is another more remarkable alteration. On the title-page of the copies first circulated, it is not stated that the drama had been represented by any company; and in a sort of preface headed, 'A never Writer to an ever Reader. News,' it is asserted that it had never been 'staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar;' in other words, that the play had not been acted.* This was probably then true; but as 'Troilus and Cressida' was very soon afterwards brought upon the stage, it became necessary for the publishers to substitute a new title-page, and to suppress their preface: accordingly a re-issue of the same edition took place, by the

* See this preface, or address, at the end of this Introduction.

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title-page of which it appeared, that the play was printed 'as it was acted by the King's Majesty's servants at the Globe.'

"In the Stationers' Registers are two entries, of distinct dates, relating to a play, or plays, called 'Troilus and Cressida:' they are in the following terms: —

'7 Feb. 1602–3

'Mr. Roberts] The booke of Troilus and Cresseda, as yt is acted by my Lo. Chamberlens men.'

'28 Jan. 1608–9

'Rich. Bonion and Hen. Whalleys] Entered for their copie under t'hands of Mr. Segar Deputy to Sir Geo. Bucke, and Mr. Warden Lownes: A booke called the History of Troylus and Cressula.' *

"The edition of 1609 was, doubtless, published in consequence of the entry of '28 Jan. 1608–9;' but if Roberts printed a 'Troilus and Cressida,' whether by Shakespeare or by any other dramatist, in consequence of the earlier entry of '7 Feb. 1602–3,' none such has come down to our time."

In the Remarks on the Preliminary Matter to the Folio of 1623, (Vol. II. p. lxi.,) it has been already mentioned that *Troilus and Cressida* is omitted from the Catalogue of the Plays published in that volume; and in the Introduction to *The Winter's Tale*, (Vol. V. p. 275,) allusion has been made to the existence of typographical evidence in the folio that the player editors were in doubt as to the classification of both these plays. This evidence consists of the lack of paginal numbering, the use in each play of a series of signature marks peculiar to it, and as to the play before us, the omission, just mentioned, from the Catalogue. Hypothetical explanation of these circumstances was naturally sought; and the theory of the eighteenth century editors with regard to *Troilus and Cressida* is given in the following paragraph from Mr. Knight's Introduction to the play, together with his own ingenious and far more probable solution of the problem.

"Steevens says, 'Perhaps the drama before us was not entirely of his (Shakspere's) construction. It appears to have been unknown to his associates, Hemings and Condell, till after the first folio was almost printed off.' If the play had been *unknown* to Hemings and Condell, the notion that, for this

* Attention was first directed to these entries by Malone, in his edition of Shakespeare, 1790, Vol. I. p. 342, and they are quoted in the Variorum of 1821, pp. 639 and 639 — the paging 639, 640 being repeated instead of 641, 642.

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reason, it might not be entirely of Shakspere's construction, would be a most illogical inference. But how is it shown that the play was *unknown* to Shakspere's associates? Farmer tells us, 'It was at first either *unknown* or *forgotten*. It does not, however, appear in the *list* of the plays, and is thrust in between the *Histories* and the *Tragedies*, without any enumeration of the pages; except, I think, on one leaf only.' If these critics had carried their inquiries one step farther, they would have found that Troilus and Cressida was neither unknown nor forgotten by the editors of the first folio. It is more probable that they were only doubtful how to classify it. In the first quarto edition it is called a famous *History*, in the title-page; but in the preface it is repeatedly mentioned as a *Comedy*. In the folio edition it bears the title of 'The *Tragedie* of Troylus and Cressida.' In that edition the Tragedies begin with Coriolanus; and the paging goes on regularly from 1 to 76, that last page bringing us within a hundred lines of the close of Romeo and Juliet. We then skip pages 77 and 78, Romeo and Juliet concluding with 79. Now the leaf of Troilus and Cressida, on which Farmer observed an enumeration of pages, includes the second and third pages of the play, and those are marked 79, 80. If the last page of Romeo and Juliet had been marked 77, as it ought to have been, and the first page of Troilus and Cressida 78, we should have seen at once that this *Tragedy* was intended by the editors to follow Romeo and Juliet. But they found, or they were informed, that this extrordinary drama was neither a Comedy, nor a History, nor a Tragedy; and they therefore placed it between the Histories and the Tragedies, leaving to the reader to make his own classification. This is one solution of the matter which we have to offer; and it is a better one, we think, than the theory that so remarkable a production of Shakspere's later years should be unknown or forgotten by his 'fellows.'"

Mr. Collier thinks that the circumstances in question "may be sufficiently accounted for by the supposition that *Troilus and Cressida* was given to, and executed by, a different printer," from those who printed the rest of the plays in the folio of 1623. But I have been able to discover no evidence in support of this conjecture on the pages of the first folio; and although Mr. Collier has the advantage over me of some thirty-five years' longer study of typography, I will venture to assert that no essential difference can be detected between the letter or the press-work of *Troilus and Cressida* and that of the other plays in the folio of 1623. The ornamental head-piece, initial letter, and tail-piece are the same which are used frequently in the

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course of the volume; * and there is no minute peculiarity of letter, composition, or "make-up" in which I have not found absolute correspondence between the printing of this play and that of all the others which were "printed at the charges of W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley." There is little question in my mind that Mr. Knight's ingenious conjecture rightly accounts for the circumstances under which we find this play in the first folio. And I add in support of the conclusion that there was doubt as to the designation of the play, that in the folio all the other tragedies (except *Timon of Athens*, which is called a "Life") are designated as tragedies in the running title at the head of the page: whereas this is not so designated, except upon the third and fourth pages, where the specification seems, like the numbering of the same pages, to be a vestige of the first classification.

The sources whence Shakespeare derived the incidents and the characters which he worked into this play are, Chaucer's poem, *Troilus and Creseide*, Caxton's *Recuyell of the historyes of Troy*, (a translation from the Norman French of Raoul le Fevre,) Lydgate's *History, Sege and Destruccion of Troye*, and Chapman's translation of Homer, which was published 1596–1600, a few years before the production of *Troilus and Cressida*. The very undramatic story (of which there is not even a hint in the Iliad, and which is said to be the invention of a Lombard Latin poet Lollius — *nominis umbra*) Shakespeare retained about as he found it; the incidents he chose here and there from the various authorities above mentioned; the characterization of the personages is entirely his own, he not being indebted even to Chaucer for the traits of his *Cressida;* so that a comparison of his work with that of any other author who had previously used the same materials would be entirely superfluous, if, indeed, it were possible. But the entry of a "booke of Troilus and Cressida" upon the Stationers' Register in 1602–3, the fact that in 1599, as we learn from Henslowe's Diary, Dekker and Chettle were employed upon a *Troyelles and Cresseda*, and the great inequality of style in the play as it appears in the quarto and folio editions, have not unreasonably led to the supposition that the story may have been put into a dramatic form before

* A reduced fac-simile of the ornamental head-piece is given on p. 17 of Vol. II. of this edition, over Leonard Digges' verses "To the Memorie of the deceased Authour," &c.

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Shakespeare touched it, and that in the play as we have it there is some of the work of an earlier playwright. Dryden advances the opinion, in the preface to his revision of the play, that its commencement is spirited, but its conclusion tame; regarding it, apparently, as an example illustrative of Horace's simile of the vase and the jug; and Sir Walter Scott in his Life of Dryden echoes the opinion of his author, and decides that this play was left by Shakespeare "in a singular state of imperfection."

Of the characteristics which form the internal evidence as to the manner in which the play was produced, Mr. Verplanck, with comprehensive view and fine critical insight, has given us this valuable judgment: —

"The play is, in all respects a very remarkable and singular production; and it has perplexed many a critic, not, as usual, by smaller difficulties of readings and interpretation, but by doubts as to the author's design and spirit. Its beauties are of the highest order. It contains passages fraught with moral truth and political wisdom — high truths, in large and philosophical discourse, such as remind us of the loftiest disquisitions of Hooker, or Jeremy Taylor, on the foundations of social law. Thus the comments of Ulysses (Act I. Sc. 3) on the universal obligation of the law of order and degree, and the confusion caused by rebellion to its rule, either in nature or in society, are in the very spirit of the grandest and most instructive eloquence of Burke. The piece abounds too in passages of the most profound and persuasive practical ethics, and grave advice for the government of life; as when, in the third act, Ulysses (the great didactic organ of the play) impresses upon Achilles the consideration of man's ingratitude 'for good deeds past,' and the necessity of perseverance to 'keep honor bright.' Other scenes again, fervid with youthful passion or rich in beautiful imagery, are redolent with intense sweetness of poetic fancy. Such is that splendid exhortation of Patroclus to Achilles, of which Godwin has justly said, that 'a more poetical passage, if poetry consists in sublime, picturesque, and beautiful imagery, neither ancient nor modern times have produced.' — (*Life of Chaucer.*)

> 'Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak, wanton Cupid
> Shall from your neck unloose his amorous folds,
> And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
> Be shook to air.'

"Nor is there any drama more rich in variety and truth of character. The Grecian camp is filled with real and living men of all sorts of temper and talent, while Thersites, a variation

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and improvement of the original deformed railer *of* the 'Iliad,' is, in his way, a new study of human nature, not (as some writers view him) a mere buffoon, but a sort of vulgar and cowardly Iago, without the 'Ancient's' courage and higher intellect, but with the same sort of wit and talent, and governed by the same self-generated malignity. So, too, Ulysses' sarcastic sketch of Cressida is a gem of art, at once arch, sagacious, and poetic.

"With all this, there is large alloy of inferior matter, such as Shakespeare too often permitted himself to use, in filling up the chasms of the scene, between loftier and brighter thoughts. More especially is there felt, by every reader, a sense of disappointment at the unsatisfactory effect of the whole, arising mainly from the want of unity in that effect, and in the interest of the plot — at the desultory and purposeless succession of incident and dialogue, all resembling (as W. Scott well observes) 'a legend, or a chronicle, rather than a dramatic composition.' That power of comprising the varied details of any great work in one view, and, while preserving the individuality and truth of the parts, blending them in the effect of one whole — the *ponere totum* of Horace — so essential to excellence in all of the higher works either of art or of literature, hardly appears here. Yet it is a power that Shakespeare never wanted or neglected, even in his earlier comedies; and at the date of TROILUS AND CRESSIDA he had exhibited the highest proof of it, in LEAR, OTHELLO, and MACBETH."

"Moreover, the style, and the verbal and metrical peculiarities, suggest other questions. There is much in the play recalling the rhymes and the dialogue of the Poet's earlier comedies, while the higher and more contemplative passages resemble the diction and measure of his middle period — that of MEASURE FOR MEASURE and LEAR. It also abounds in singular words, unusual accentuations, and bold experiments in language, such as he most indulged in during that period, but to a greater extent than can, I think, be found in any other play."

Mr. Verplanck, after citing the opinions of Dryden and Scott, as to the merits of the play, with Coleridge's, that Shakespeare intended it to be "a grand history piece in the robust style of Albert Durer," and the fanciful and extravagant notion of Ulrici, that Shakespeare wrote *Troilus and Cressida* to warn the world thoroughly against the over-valuation and idolatry of heroes, goes on to state the conclusion which he has drawn from the external and internal evidence as to the production of the play: — a conclusion so entirely different from that of any previous editor, that, although it is identical with mine, it would be unjust to Mr. Verplanck, as well as a deprivation to my

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readers, for me to present it in any other language than his own.* I do not however agree entirely with the opinion which Mr. Verplanck, in common with some other critics, has formed of the texts of *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet*.

"Still, all these guesses and theories, however over-refined and remote from common perceptions, and however dogmatic and conjectural, alike show the difficulty felt by the reader of taste and discrimination — the difficulty how a drama, which in so many of its parts displays all the riches and energy of the Poet's mind, when at its very zenith, should, as a whole, leave an effect so impotent and incongruous.

"This result, in spite of the attempts of the critics of the German school to explain it away into disguised envy or otherwise, is palpable — the cause we can but conjecture; and I need not, therefore, apologize for stating my own theory. It is this: In ROMEO AND JULIET, the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, and more especially in HAMLET, we have the direct evidence of the manner in which Shakespeare, after having sketched out a play on the fashion of his youthful taste and skill, returned in after years to enlarge and remodel it, and enrich it with the matured fruits of years of observation and reflection. The same habit, as we have repeatedly had occasion to observe, in the Introductory Remarks to several of the plays, may be traced in the numerous corrections and enlargements of other earlier plays, beginning with LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, which first appeared in print with the annunciation that it was 'newly corrected and augmented,' to CYMBELINE, which there is so good reason to believe, with Coleridge, was 'an entire *refaciemento*' of an early dramatic attempt, remodelled years after, when the author's 'celebrity as a poet, and his interest as a manager, enabled him to bring forward the lordly labors of his youth.'

"Now, we learn from Mr. Collier, (Preface,) that in the Stationers' Register is found an entry of '7 Feb. 1602–3, Mr. Roberts. The Booke of Troilus and Cressidee, as yt is acted by my Lo. Chamberlens men.' The company, with which Shakespeare was connected, was known as 'the Lord Chamberlain's Servants,' until 1603; and this Mr. Roberts is the same publisher who, two years before, had published the MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM, and was thus connected, as a publisher, with Shakespeare. It is true that this entry might possibly have been (as some of the editors suppose) the play of Decker and Chettle, already mentioned, which was in preparation for Henslowe, in 1599. But this was afterwards brought out under the title of 'Agamemnon,' and was besides composed for another and a rival theatrical company — the Earl of Notting-

* The quotations here and elsewhere from Mr. Verplanck's Shakespeare are made by his special permission.

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ham's. We have, moreover, in the '*Histrio-Mastix*' — a contemporary dramatic satire, something like Sheridan's modern '*Critic*' — a direct ridicule of Shakespeare's incident of Cressida's receiving from Troilus his 'sleeve' as a pledge of love, both characters being there introduced in a burlesque interlude. This piece, having been written and acted during the reign of Elizabeth, cannot be of a later date than 1602, and must refer to a 'Troilus' of prior date, which must have been Shakespeare's, unless we suppose the same incident to have been used in both pieces."

"In 1596, George Chapman published his translation of the first seven books of the 'Iliad,' in a new edition; in 1600, he increased the number to fifteen, which were completed some years after.* Chapman was not only a brother dramatist, but, as his biography informs us, a personal friend of Shakespeare's, who, therefore, could not but have read this 'Homer,' independently of its great attractions in itself. His translation, with much redundancy and extravagance, and exhibiting almost as little of the grand simplicity of the original as Pope's, yet breathes an impetuous and fiery animation, which, with his free and spirited versification, and his bold invention of compound epithets, render many loftier portions of his version exceedingly Homeric. 'Brave language are Chapman's Iliads,' said a critical contemporary; and there can be little doubt that Shakespeare was familiar with it. The author of the first three acts of TROILUS AND CRESSIDA certainly was so; and it is equally clear to me that he had become acquainted with the true Homeric characters after his first concoction of his play, and engrafted them upon his own youthful production.

"All the more purely intellectual portions, the moral and political reasonings, and some of the nicer touches of character, have as much the impress of after-thoughts, inserted in a groundwork of a different taste and composition, as the added passages of 'thoughtful philosophy' in HAMLET have when compared with the dialogue in the first printed copy. On the other hand the bustle and excursions, and stage directions of the last act, are exactly in the melodramatic taste of those latter scenes of CYMBELINE, which, on account of their resemblance to the tragedies of Shakespeare's predecessors, have been pronounced to be the spared remnants of the original drama, almost wholly rewritten, after an interval of many years.

"It would seem that the author became satisfied, perhaps before he had finished his work, that the revised play was little fitted for the stage, and, against his usual practice, at that

* "The first complete edition of 'The Iliads of Homer, Prince of Poets — Done according to the Greek, by George Chapman,' is without date; but is ascertained to have been published later than 1603, and before 1611 — probably about the last date."

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period, committed it to the press; for its first edition is not one of those mutilated copies justly complained of by his folio editors, but certainly printed from a full and correct manuscript. For some reason, soon after its publication, it was thought expedient to try its success upon the stage; probably because the manager thought that the Poet's popularity would make up for any want of stage-effect.

"In such a recasting and improvement of a juvenile work, unless it was wholly rewritten — which seems never to have been Shakespeare's method — the work would bear the characteristics of the several periods of its composition, and with the vernal flush of his youthful fancy, it would have its crudity of taste, but contrasted with the matured fulness of thought, and the laboring intensity of compressed expression, of his middle career.

"It affords some support to this theory, that Coleridge, in 1802, classed this play as belonging to an epoch of the author's life when, with a greater energy of poetry, and 'all the world of thought,' there were still some of the growing pains and the awkwardness of growth; but when again he reviewed the same question of chronological classification of Shakespeare's dramas, in 1819, he placed TROILUS AND CRESSIDA at the very last point in the cycle of his genius. But at least the theory, if not founded on much positive evidence, has the merit of being an hypothesis solving all the observed phenomena; and the Copernican theory of astronomy itself was adopted, and long maintained, on no more conclusive proof. If more accurate investigation should overthrow this conjecture, it will be no great mortification to have erred, when the most sagacious and accomplished of my predecessors have failed before me."

The period when this play was first written is, then, uncertain. That of its recasting, rewriting, and production upon the stage is definitively settled by the date of the two impressions of the quarto edition. In January 1608–9 it was a new and yet unperformed play, and in 1609, between the issue of the first quarto impression and the second, it had been brought upon the stage. As to the manner and occasion of its first production, the German critic Tieck put forth a more than plausible conjecture, which Mr. Knight thus brings forward, and ably supports: —

"And here arises the question, whether the expressions, 'never staled with the stage,' — 'never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar,' — 'not sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude,' mean that the play had not been acted at all, or that it had not been acted on the public stage. There is a good

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deal of probability in the conjecture of Tieck upon this subject: —

"'In the palace of some great personage, for whom it was probably expressly written, it was first represented, according to my belief, for the king himself, who, weak as he was, contemptible as he sometimes showed himself, and pedantic as his wisdom and shortsighted as his politics were, yet must have had a certain fine sense of poetry, wit, and talent, beyond what his historians have ascribed to him. But whether the king, or some one else, of whom we have not received the name, it is sufficient to know that for this person, and not for the public Shakspere wrote this wonderful comedy.'

"We have already noticed the remarkable passage in the conclusion of the preface of 1609 in the Introductory Notice to Henry V. We there stated that the copy of Troilus and Cressida was acknowledged by the editor to have been obtained by some artifice; that we learn that the copy had an escape from some powerful possessors; and that those possessors were probably the proprietors of the Globe Theatre. Of this latter opinion we now entertain some doubt. The proprietors of the Globe Theatre were clearly hostile to the publication of Shakspere's later plays; and, in fact, with the exception of Lear, and Troilus and Cressida, no play was published between 1603 and Shakspere's death. Now, in the title-page of the original Lear, published in 1608, there is the following minute particularity: 'As it was played before the King's Majesty at Whitehall upon St. Stephen's night in Christmas holidays, by his Majesty's Servants playing usually at the Globe, on the Bank's side.' From this statement it appears to us highly probable that in the instances both of Lear and Troilus and Cressida, the plays were performed, for the first time, before the king; that the copies so used were out of the control of the players who represented these dramas; and that some one, authorized or not, printed each play from the copy used on these occasions. Let us look again at the passage in the preface to Troilus and Cressida under this impression: — 'Thank Fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you, since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed.' There is an obscurity in this passage which, in our former notice of it, we did not attempt to clear up. 'I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed' is quite unintelligible, if 'the grand possessors' had been the proprietors of the Globe Theatre. But suppose the grand possessors to be, as Tieck has conjectured, some great personage, probably the king himself, for whom the play was expressly written, and a great deal of the obscurity of the preface vanishes. By the grand possessors' wills you should have prayed for them (as subjects publicly pray for their rulers)

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rather than been prayed (as you are by players who solicit your indulgence in prologues and epilogues.)"

Little difficulty exists in the formation of the text of *Troilus and Cressida;* for although the impression in the folio is deformed with many errors of the press, they are rarely of an important or very confusing nature; and we are able to correct them with great certainty by the aid of the quarto edition, from a copy of which the text of the folio was printed, as we know by the perpetuation in the latter of some of the typographical errors in the former. And as the circumstances under which the quarto edition was published show that its text was obtained from an authentic source, this and the carelessness with which the play was printed in the folio give the quarto an unusually authoritative position. Nevertheless, in most cases of intentional variation, it will be found that the text of the folio is the superior.

The period of the action of this play is of course definitively settled. The siege of Troy took place between 1193 and 1184 B. C. For the costume, the remains of early Greek art, and particularly the Grecian and Phrygian figures reproduced in Hope's *Costume of the Ancients* from ancient vases and statues, furnish ample authority, though they are not of a date quite so ancient as that of the action of the play.

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A neuer writer to an euer reader. Newes.*

ETERNALL reader, you have heere a new play, neuer ſtal'd with the stage, neuer clapper-clawd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that neuer vnder-tooke any thing commicall vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas, you ſhould see all thoſe grand cenſors, that now stile them ſuch vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their grauities; eſpecially this authors commedies, that are ſo fram'd to the life, that they ſerue for the moſt common commentaries of all the actions of our liues, ſhowing ſuch a dexteritie, and power of witte, that the moſt diſpleaſed with playes are pleaſd with his commedies. And all ſuch dull and beauy-witted worldlings, as were neuer capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his repreſentations, haue found that witte there, that they neuer found in them-ſelues, and haue parted better-wittied then they came; feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more then ever they dreamd they had braine to grinde it on. So much and ſuch ſauord salt of witte is in his commedies, that they ſeeme (for their height of pleaſure) to be borne in that ſea

* Address Prefixed to those Copies of the Edition of 1609, the title pages of which do not state that it "was acted by the King's Majesty's Servants, at the Globe."

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that brought forth Venus. *Amongſt all there is none more witty then this; and had I time I would comment vpon it, though I know it needs not, (for ſo much as will make you thinke your testern well bestowd,) but for ſo much worth, as euen poore I know to be ſtuft in it. It deſerves ſuch a labour, as well as the beſt commedy in* Terence *or* Plautus: *ana beleeue this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of ſale, you will ſcramble for them, and ſet up a new* Engliſh *inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleaſures loſſe, and iudgments, refuſe not, nor like this the leſſe for not being ſullied, with the ſmoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the 'ſcape it hath made amongſt you. Since by the grand poſſeſſors' wills, I believe, you ſhould have prayd for them, rather then beene prayd. And ſo I leaue all ſuch to bee prayd for (for the ſtates of their wits healths) that will not praiſe it.* — Vale.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIAM, *King of* Troy.
HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS, } his Sons.
MARGARELON, *a Bastard Son of* Priam.
ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR, } Trojan Leaders.
CALCHAS, *a* Trojan Priest, *taking part with the* Greeks.
PANDARUS, *Uncle to* Cressida.
AGAMEMNON, *the* Grecian General.
MENELAUS, *his* Brother.
ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS, } Grecian Leaders.
THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous* Grecian.
ALEXANDER, *Servant to* Cressida; *Servant to* Troilus; *Servant to* Paris; *Servant to* Diomedes.

HELEN, *Wife to* Menelaus.
ANDROMACHE, *Wife to* Hector.
CASSANDRA, *Daughter to* Priam; *a Prophetess.*
CRESSIDA, *Daughter to* Calchas.

Trojan *and* Greek Soldiers, *and* Attendants.

SCENE: Troy, *and a* Grecian Camp *before it.*

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THE PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard. — And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd, — but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice, but suited
In like conditions as our argument —

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To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vant and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

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THE TRAGEDY OF

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I.

Scene I. — Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter Troilus *armed, and* Pandarus

Troilus.

CALL here my varlet; I'll unarm again:
Why shall I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field: Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pandarus. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

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Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leav'ning.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leav'ning: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking: nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts, —
So, traitor! — when she comes! — When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee, — when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile;
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth Fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to) there were no more comparison between the women, — but, for my part, she is my kinswoman: I would not, as they term it, praise her, — but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did! I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but —

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus, —
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,

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Reply not in how many fadoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach: to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say — I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou do'st not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the 'mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus. How now, Pandarus!

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between; but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What! art thou angry, Pandarus? what with me?

Pan. Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father: let her to the

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Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her. For my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' th' matter.

Tro. Pandarus, —

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus, —

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it; and there an end.

[*Exit* PANDARUS. *An alarum.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus — O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wand'ring flood;
Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æneas. How now, Prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,

For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

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Tro. By whom, Æneas?
Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.
Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*
Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!
Tro. Better at home, if 'would I might' were 'may.' —
But to the sport abroad: — are you bound thither?
Æne. In all swift haste.
Tro. Come; go we, then, together.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The Same. A Street.

Enter Cressida *and* Alexander.

Cressida. Who were those went by?
Alexander. Queen Hecuba and Helen.
Cres. And whither go they?
Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.
Cres. What was his cause of anger?
Alex. The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

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Cres. Good; and what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their particular additions: he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom Nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crush'd into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblinded Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What do you talk of? — Good morrow, Alexander. — How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came?

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Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says, here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were, —

Cres. So he is.

Pan. — Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself. — Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend, or end. Well, Troilus, well. — I would, my heart were in her body! — No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

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Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him; his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece. Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess) — not brown neither —

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his: he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window; — and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

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Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him: — she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin, —

Cres. Juno have mercy! — How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O, yes, an 'twere a cloud in Autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then. — But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus, —

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' th' shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin: — indeed, she has a marvell's white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing: Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

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Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, "Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white."

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. "Two and fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?" "The forked one," quoth he; "pluck't out, and give it him." But there was such laughing, and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chaf'd, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass'd.

Cres. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true: he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*

Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here; here's an excellent place: here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by

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their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

ÆNEAS *passes.*

Pan. That's Æneas: is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can [tell] you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR *passes.*

Pan. That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgment in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. — When comes Troilus? — I'll shew you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR *passes.*

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow! — Go thy way, Hector! — There's a brave man, niece. — O brave Hector! — Look how he looks; there's a countenance. Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man.

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good: — Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? Look you there; there's no jesting; there's laying on, take 't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not; an the Devil come to him, it's all one: by God's lid, it

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does one's heart good. — Yonder comes Paris; yonder comes Paris: [PARIS *passes.*] look ye yonder, niece: is't not a gallant man too, is't not? — Why, this is brave now. — Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! — Would I could see Troilus now. — You shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS *passes.*

Pan. That's Helenus. — I marvel where Troilus is. That's Helenus. — I think he went not forth to-day. — That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no; — yes, he'll fight indifferent well. — I marvel where Troilus is. — Hark! do you not hear the people cry, 'Troilus'? — Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *passes.*

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus. — 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece! — Hem! — Brave Troilus, the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace! for shame; peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him. — O brave Troilus! — look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes! — O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way: had I a sister were a Grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? — Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

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Soldiers *pass*.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and die i' th' eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look: the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well? — Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minc'd man: and then to be bak'd with no date in the pie, — for then the man's date's out.

Pan. You are such another woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

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Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; [there he unarms him.]

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit* Boy.
I doubt he be hurt. — Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle.

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd. —
[*Exit* PANDARUS

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise;
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see,
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be.
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she belov'd knows naught that knows not this, —
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach, —
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then, though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*

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SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Before AGAMEMNON'S Tent.

Sennet. *Enter* AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, MENELAUS, *and* Others.

Agamemnon. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below
Fails in the promis'd largeness; checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you Princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And think them shames, which are, indeed, naught else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In Fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;

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And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

Nestor. With due observance of thy godly seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffin Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's shew and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune: for in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why then, the thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulysses. Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which, — most mighty for thy place and sway, —
[*To* AGAMEMNON

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And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life, —
[*To* NESTOR.
I give to both your speeches, which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue, — yet let it please both, —
Thou great and wise, — to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be 't of less expect
That matter needless, of importless burthen,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastick jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the General is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th' unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,

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Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents! what mutiny!
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick. How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenity and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, a universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking:
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose

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It hath to climb. The General's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so, every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs. With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player, — whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage, —
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;

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Cries — "Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard
As he, being 'drest to some oration."
That's done; — as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels — as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god Achilles still cries, "Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm."
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet: — and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, "O, enough, Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites,
(A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;

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Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts, —
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on, and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight, —
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity.
They call this bed-work, mapp'ry, closet-war;
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*A tucket.*

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Menelaus. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this
Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one that is a herald and a prince
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm,
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and General.

Æne. Fair leave and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne. Ay; I ask that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush,
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.

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Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels: that's their fame in peace;
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and Jove's accord
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas!
Peace, Trojan! lay thy finger on thy lips.
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth;
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon: 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears naught privately that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy came not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind.
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

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We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy,
A prince call'd Hector, — Priam is his father, —
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown. He bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. — Kings, princes, lords,
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
With truant vows to her own lips, he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers, — to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I'll be he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now:
But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,

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To answer for his love, tell him from me,
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world. His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now Heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but* ULYSSES *and* NESTOR.

Ulyss. Nestor, —

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain;
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis.
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:

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And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, (though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,) will, with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet: whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes (although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes) there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence the conqu'ring part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech:—
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,

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And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better yet to shew
Shall shew the better. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair. If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No; make a lott'ry,
And by device let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull, brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes, —
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT II.

SCENE I. — Another Part of the Grecian Camp.

Enter AJAX *and* THERSITES.

AJAX.

THERSITES, —

Thersites. Agamemnon — how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites, —

Ther. And those boils did run? — Say so, — did not the general run then? were not that a botchy corps?

Ajax. Dog, —

Ther. Then would come some matter from him: I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou vinew'd'st leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation, —

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

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Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not: my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. [When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.]

Ajax. I say, the proclamation, —

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do: thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an asinico may tutor thee: thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achilles. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you this?

How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

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Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well! why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, — Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, — I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax —

[AJAX *offers to strike him.*

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. — has not so much wit —

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. — as will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he, look you there.

Ajax. O, thou damn'd cur! I shall —

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patroclus. Good words, Thersites.

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Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. E'en so? — a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: he were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor, — whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, — yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; [peace!]

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host: —

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That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain — I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not: it is put to lott'ry; otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O! meaning you. — I will go learn more of it. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene II.

Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, *and* Helenus.

Priam. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks: —
"Deliver Helen, and all damage else —
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war, —
Shall be struck off:" — Hector, what say you to 't?

Hector. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as touches my particular,
Yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out — 'Who knows what follows?'
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To th' bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,

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Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen, — I mean, of ours.
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,
What merit 's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie! my brother,
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? Fie, for godly shame!

Helenus. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest:
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know an enemy intends you harm,
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd? — Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let 's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts

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With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.
Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.
Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd?
Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer. 'Tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of th' affected merit.
Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment. How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt.
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,

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Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must need, for you all cri'd — "Go, go;") —
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cri'd "Inestimable!") — why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that Fortune never did, —
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base!
That we have stolen, that we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cassandra. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister: I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, *with hair dishevelled, raving.*

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace!

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe!
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

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Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons;
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain.

Paris. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas! can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall.
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

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Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it,
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd Queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject. Then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd, — but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,

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To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king, —
As it is known she is, — these moral laws
Of nature and of nation speak aloud
To have her back return'd: thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus. —
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.
I was advertis'd their great General slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Before ACHILLES' Tent.

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites! what! lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then, there's Achilles, — a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O, thou great thunder-darter of Olympus! forget that thou art Jove, the King of Gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little, little, less-than-little wit from them that they have; which short-aim'd ignorance it self knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather the [Neapolitan] bone-ache; for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers, and devil envy, say Amen. What, ho! my Lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou would'st not have slipp'd out of my contemplation; but it is no matter: thyself upon thyself!

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The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! Heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then, if she, that lays thee out, says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What! art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; the Heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? — Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites. Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'st tell, that know'st.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. — Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

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Achil. Derive this: come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator. — It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody. — Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and* AJAX.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He shent our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments visiting of him:
Let him be told so, lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why? why? let him shew us a cause. — A word, my lord.

[*Taking* AGAMEMNON *aside.*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

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Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument, that has his argument, — Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong counsel a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness and this noble state
To call upon him: he hopes it is no other
But for your health and your digestion sake, —
An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus.
We are too well acquainted with these answers;
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously of his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,
If you do say we think him over-proud

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And under-honest; in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this: and add,
That, if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report —
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant: — tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently.
[*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him. — Ulysses, enter you.
[*Exit* ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself;

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pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is't not strange? [*Aside.*

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important. Possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters 'gainst himself: what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry "No recovery."

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,

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And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, — save such as doth revolve
And ruminate himself, — shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder — 'Achilles, go to him.'

Nest. [*Aside.*] O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

Diomedes. [*Aside.*] And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I'll pash him o'er the face.

Agam. O, no! you shall not go.

Ajax. An 'a be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride.
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. [*Aside.*] How he describes himself?

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. [*Aside.*] The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Agam. [*Aside.*] He will be the physician, that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind, —

Ulyss. [*Aside.*] Wit would be out of fashion.

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Ajax. 'A should not bear it so: 'a should eat swords first. Shall pride carry it?

Nest. [*Aside.*] An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyss. [*Aside.*] 'A would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him; I will make him supple.

Nest. [*Aside.*] He's not yet thorough warm: force him with praises. Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. [*To* AGAMEMNON.

Nest. Our noble General, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man — but 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! Would he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now —

Ulyss. If he were proud, —

Dio. Or covetous of praise, —

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne, —

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyss. Thank the Heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition;
But he that disciplin'd thine arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and for thy vigour, [let]
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

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To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here: the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our [great] General
To call together all his state of war:
Fresh kings are come to Troy; to-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord, — come knights from East to West,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — Troy. A Room in PRIAM'S Palace.

Enter PANDARUS *and a* Servant.

PANDARUS.

FRIEND, you! pray you, a word. Do not you follow the young Lord Paris?

Servant. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

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Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman: I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better. I am the Lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace. [*Music within.*

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; 'honour' and 'lordship' are my titles. — What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir; and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to 't, indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul —

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen: could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not

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seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sodden business: there's a stew'd phrase, indeed.

Enter PARIS *and* HELEN, *attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them; especially to you, fair Queen: fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet Queen. — Fair Prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin; and, by my life, you shall make it whole again: you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. — Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir! —

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord. Well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear Queen. — My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet Queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord. — My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus —

Helen. My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord, —

Pan. Go to, sweet Queen, go to: — commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; if you do, our melancholy upon your head.

Pan. Sweet Queen, sweet Queen; that's a sweet queen, — i' faith —

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Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la! Nay, I care not for such words: no, no. — And, my lord, he desires you, that if the King call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus, —

Pan. What says my sweet Queen, — my very very sweet Queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord, —

Pan. What says my sweet Queen? — My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. [I'll lay my life,] with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no; no such matter; you are wide. Come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy? — Come, give me an instrument now, sweet Queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet Queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

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Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, oh! love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds
But tickles still the sore.
These lovers cry — Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? — Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd

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to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something: — you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet Queen. — I long to hear how they sped to-day. — You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet Queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet Queen. [*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

Par. They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews: you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have:
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. PANDARUS' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS *and* TROILUS' Boy, *meeting.*

Pan. How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

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Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes. — How now! how now!

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit* Boy.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O, gentle Pandarus!
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid.

Pan. Walk here i' th' orchard. I'll bring her straight. [*Exit* PANDARUS.

Tro. I am giddy: expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; what will it be
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-repured nectar? death, I fear me,
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers.
I fear it much; and I do fear, besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready; she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were fray'd with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:

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she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit* PANDARUS.

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse,
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of Majesty.

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby. — Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me. — What! are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the phills. — Why do you not speak to her? — Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm? build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds; but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What! billing again? Here's — 'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably' —Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire. [*Exit* PANDARUS.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida! how often have I wish'd me thus?

Cres. Wish'd, my lord? — The gods grant! — O my lord!

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Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason, stumbling without fear: to fear the worst, oft cures the worse.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady, — that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted; allow us as we prove: our head shall go bare till merit crown it. No perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

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Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still! have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too. Our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart. —
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid, then, so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever — Pardon me, —
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it. — In faith, I lie:
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: see, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves? —
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak

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The thing I shall repent. See, see! your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel from me. Stop my mouth.
Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.
Pan. Pretty, i' faith.
Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss.
I am asham'd: — O Heavens! what have I done? —
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.
Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?
Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning, —
Cres. Pray you, content you.
Tro. What offends you, lady?
Cres. Sir, mine own company.
Tro. You cannot shun yourself.
Cres. Let me go and try.
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone. — I know not what I speak.
Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.
Cres. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft than love,
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,
Or else you love not; for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.
Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!

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Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love!
How were I then uplifted! but, alas!
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O, virtuous fight!
When right with right wars who shall be most right.
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration, —
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as Earth to the centre, —
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus, shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot it self,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said — as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

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Pan. Go to; a bargain made: seal it, seal it: I'll be the witness. — Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name; call them all Pandars: let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, 'Amen.'

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a chamber; whose bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away!

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.

Calchas. Now, Princes, for the service I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me, aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things to love,
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become

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As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied; but this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negociations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a Prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great Princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
What he requests of us. — Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge. Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES *and* CALCHAS.

ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS *appear before their tent.*

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' th' entrance of his tent:
Please it our General to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, Princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him.

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I will come last: 'tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:
If so, I have derision medicinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To shew itself but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along: —
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What! comes the General to speak with me?
You know my mind: I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the General?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON *and* NESTOR.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

[*Exit* MENELAUS.

Achil. What! does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus!

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit* AJAX.

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

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Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the Summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit;
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them, as slippery too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:
I'll interrupt his reading. —
How now, Ulysses!

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, that man — how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without or in —
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others

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Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.
Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here, in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
[To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself],
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form:
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.
Ulyss. I do not strain at the position, —
It is familiar, — but at the author's drift;
Who in his circumstance expressly proves,
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them formed in th' applause
Where they're extended; who, like an arch, reverb'rates
The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things, again, most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now, shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O Heavens, what some men do,

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While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords! — why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrieking.

Achil. I do believe it; for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word nor look. What! are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion, —
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the path,
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;
[Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on.] Then, what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;
For Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand,

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And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. Let not virtue seek
Remuneration from the thing it was; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, —
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gauds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then, marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical.
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful State
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deeps,
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,

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Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state,
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to.
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump,
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak:
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.
[*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you.
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this:
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus.
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton, Cupid,
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware!
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.
Omission to do what is necessary

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Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints,
Even then, when we sit id'ly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus.
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
T' invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd. I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. — A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, — a stride and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say — there were wit in this head, an 'twould out: and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break 't himself in vainglory. He knows not me: I said, "Good morrow, Ajax;" and he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon." What think you of this man, that takes me for the General? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster.

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A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: tell him, — I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honour'd, Captain-General of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. — Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles, —

Ther. Ha!

Patr. — who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent, —

Ther. Humph!

Patr. — and to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God b' wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

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Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horse, for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd; And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it. I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Troy. A Street.

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, *and* Servant *with a torch; at the other,* PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, *and* Others, *with torches.*

PARIS.

SEE, ho! who is that there?

Deiphobus. It is the Lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the Prince there in person? —
Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

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Dio. That's my mind too. — Good morrow, Lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand,
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and so long health;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. — In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy: now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed. By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathise. — Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of. —
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you. 'Twas to bring this Greek

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To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid.
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship, —
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure)
With such a hell of pain and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, each heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

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Dio. She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris: —
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight
A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death
Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;
But we in silence hold this virtue well, —
We'll but commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. Court of PANDARUS' House.

Enter TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.
Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.
Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses
As infants' empty of all thought!
Cres. Good morrow, then.
Tro. Pr'ythee now, to bed.
Cres. Are you aweary of me?
Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

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Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,
As tediously as Hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry: —
You men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressid! — I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What! are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life. —

Pan. How now, how now! how go maidenheads? —
Here, you maid; where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, — and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? — let her say what: — what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor *capocchio!* — hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[*Knocking.*

Cres. Did not I tell you? — 'would he were knock'd i' th' head! —

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Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see. —
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd; I think of no such thing. — [*Knocking.*
How earnestly they knock! — Pray you, come in:
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him: it doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn: — for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Æne. Who! — nay, then: — come, come, you'll do him wrong ere y' are 'ware. You'll be so true to him, to be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither: go.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now! what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash. There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor

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Deliver'd to us; and for him, forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The Lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: — and, my Lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of Nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* ÆNEAS.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost? The Devil take Antenor! the young Prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke 's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now! What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah! ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone!
Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods! — what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in. Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou would'st be his death. — O poor gentleman! — A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench; thou must be gone: thou art changed for Antenor. Thou must to

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thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O, you immortal gods! — I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus. — O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can,
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the Earth,
Drawing all things to it. — I'll go in and weep, —

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. — Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding 'Troilus.' I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. Before PANDARUS' House.

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, *and* DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon. — Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,

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Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there off'ring to it his own heart. [*Exit.*
Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help! —
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Room in PANDARUS' House.

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross,
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes. — Ah, sweet ducks!
Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*
Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. "*O heart,*" — as the goodly saying is, —

"——— *O heart, O heavy heart,*
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?"

where he answers again,

"*Because thou canst not ease thy smart,*
By friendship nor by speaking."

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There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it. — How now, lambs!

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the bless'd gods — as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities, — take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay: 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What! and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraceures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time, now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasting with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say, the Genius so
Cries, 'Come!' to him that instantly must die.
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

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Pan. Where are my tears? Rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root!

[*Exit* PANDARUS.

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks! When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love. Be thou but true of heart —

Cres. I true? how now! what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I speak not, "be thou true," as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But, "be thou true," say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation. Be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent: but I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cres. O Heavens! — be true, again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love.
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise:
How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.

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Cres. O Heavens! you love me not.
Tro. Die I a villain, then!
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted.
Cres. Do you think I will?
Tro. No;
But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.
Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord, —
Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.
Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!
Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.
Cres. My lord, will you be true?
Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit
Is plain, and true, — there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, *and* DIOMEDES.

Welcome, Sir Diomed. Here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,

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And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe,
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, Prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message
To be a speaker free: when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust; and know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge. To her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say — be 't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, — no.

Tro. Come, to the port. — I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head. —
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, *and* DIOMED.

[*Trumpet sounded.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!

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The Prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels.
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.

Enter AJAX, *armed;* AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, *and* Others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon.
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yond' Diomed with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;

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He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, *with* CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid?
Dio. Even she.
Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.
Nest. Our General doth salute you with a kiss.
Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.
Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin. —
So much for Nestor.
Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kissing once.
Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
[And parted thus you and your argument.]
Ulyss. O, deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns,
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.
Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss; — this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.
Men. O, this is trim.
Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiss, sir. — Lady, by your leave
Cres. In kissing do you render or receive?
Men. Both take and give.
Cres. I'll make my match to live
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.
Men. I'll give you boot; I'll give you three for one.
Cres. You're an odd man: give even, or give none.

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Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' th' head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn. —
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor; claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word: — I'll bring you to your father.

[DIOMED *leads out* CRESSIDA.

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickling reader, set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, *armed*; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, *and other* Trojans, *with* Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done

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To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not: he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal disprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles; but, whate'er, know this: —
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle, then? — O, I perceive you.

Enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed. — Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX *and* HECTOR *enter the lists.*

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Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word,
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shews;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath.
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth,
Even to his inches, and with private soul
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum.* HECTOR *and* AJAX *fight.*

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st:
Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet: let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more.—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
And cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.

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Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou could'st say — 'This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's;' by Jove multipotent,
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud. But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax. —
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms.
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man.
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st *Oyez*
Cries, 'This is he!' could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What farther you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;
The issue is embracement. — Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As seld I have the chance,) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me;
And signify this loving interview

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To the expecters of our Trojan part:
Desire them home. — Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.
Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthiest of them tell me, name by name;
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.
Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy.
But that's no welcome: understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.
Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.
[*To* TROILUS.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting:
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Who must we answer?
Æne. The noble Menelaus.
Hect. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks.
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath:
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.
Hect. O, pardon! I offend.
Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,

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Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd,
That I have said unto my standers-by,
"Lo! Jupiter is yonder, dealing life."
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with Time.
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha! By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

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Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond' towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.
Hect. I must not believe you.
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome.
After the General, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou. —
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee:
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hect. Is this Achilles?
Achil. I am Achilles.
Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief: I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me, you Heavens, in which part of his body

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Shall I destroy him, whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, Heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question. Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er. —
You, wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag:
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never —

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin: —
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to 't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;

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There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him. —
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[*Exeunt all but* TROILUS *and* ULYSSES.

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir! to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But still sweet love is food for Fortune's tooth.
[*Exeunt.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I. — The Grecian Camp. Before ACHILLES' Tent.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

ACHILLES.

I'LL heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow. —
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy! Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the South, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' th' back, lethargies, cold palsies, [raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kills i' th' palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivell'd fee-simple

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of the tetter,] take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sley'd silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah! how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies, diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and 'gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall Greeks, fail fame, honour, or go, or stay,
My major vow lies here; this I'll obey. —
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent. —
Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, — an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, — the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg, — to what form but that he is, should wit larded

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with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass were nothing: he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus, — I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites, for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. — Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, *and* DIOMEDES, *with lights.*

Agam. We go wrong; we go wrong.
Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the lights.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.
Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector: welcome, Princes all.
Agam. So now, fair Prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' General.
Men. Good night, my lord.
Hect. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.
Ther. Sweet draught: sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.
Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once to those
That go, or tarry.

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Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON *and* MENELAUS.

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business, The tide whereof is now. — Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. [*Aside to* TROILUS.] Follow his torch, he goes To Calchas' tent: I'll keep you company.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

[*Exit* DIOMED; ULYSSES *and* TROILUS *following.*

Achil. Come, come; enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, *and* NESTOR.

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave: I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses. He will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it: it is prodigious, there will come some change: the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent. I'll after. — Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Same. Before CALCHAS' Tent.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

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Dio. Diomed. — Calchas, I think. — Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS *and* ULYSSES, *at a distance; after them* THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge!

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian. — Hark! a word with you. [*Whispers.*

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List.

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then, —

Cres. I'll tell you what —

Dio. Foh! foh! come tell, a pin: you are forsworn. —

Cres. In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, — to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

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Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.
Dio. Good night.
Tro. Hold, patience!
Ulyss. How now, Trojan?
Cres. Diomed, —
Dio. No, no; good night: I'll be your fool no more.
Tro. Thy better must.
Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.
Tro. O, plague and madness!
Ulyss. You are mov'd, Prince: let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beseech you, go.
Tro. Behold, I pray you!
Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.
Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience; come.
Tro. I pray you, stay. By Hell, and all Hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.
Dio. And so, good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O, wither'd truth!
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!
Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian! — why, Greek!
Dio. Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.
Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.

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Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?
You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay: by Jove, I will not speak a word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience: — stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potato finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la: never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge! now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Tro. O beauty, where is thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord, —

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well. —
He lov'd me — O false wench! — Give 't me again.

Dio. Whose was 't?

Cres. It is no matter, now I have 't again:
I will not meet with you to-morrow night.
I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens. — Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this?

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Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods! — O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee. — Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that [doth] take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before; this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall not:
I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this. Whose was it?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yond',
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the Devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; — and yet it is not:
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell.
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go. — One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

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Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not me pleases me best.

Dio. What! shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—
Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night: I pr'ythee, come.—

[*Exit* DIOMEDES.

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads, must err: O, then conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[*Exit* CRESSIDA.

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

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Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think we had mothers: do not give advantage
To stubborn critics — apt, without a theme,
For depravation, — to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, Prince, that can soil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no; this is Diomed's Cressida.
If beauty have a soul, this is not she:
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt. This is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of Heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as Heaven itself;
The bonds of Heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

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Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?
Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek: — as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed.
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm:
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.
Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.
Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.
Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy:
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.
Tro. Have with you, Prince. — My courteous lord, adieu. —
Farewell, revolted fair! — and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!
Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.
Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, ÆNEAS, *and* ULYSSES.

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Ther. [*Coming forward.*] Would I could meet that rogue Diomed. I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery: nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

Scene III.

Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter Hector *and* Andromache.

Andromache. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone:
By [all] the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition:
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the Heavens, sweet brother.

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Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O, be persuaded: do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold.
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life. —

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit* CASSANDRA.

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry.
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

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Hect. O, 'tis fair play.
Tro. Fool's play, by Heaven, Hector.
Hect. How now! how now!
Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.
Hect. Fie, savage, fie!
Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Enter CASSANDRA, *with* PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now, if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.
Pri. Come, Hector, come; go back.
Thy wife hath dream'd, thy mother hath had visions,
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.
Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

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Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.
Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect, but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.
Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.
And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.
[*Exit* ANDROMACHE.
Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.
Cas. O farewell, dear Hector!
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry — Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!
Tro. Away! — Away! —
Cas. Farewell. — Yet, soft! — Hector, I take my leave:
Thou do'st thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*
Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim.
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds of praise, and tell you them at night.
Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!
[*Exeunt, severally,* PRIAM *and* HECTOR.
Alarums.
Tro. They are at it; hark! — Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve. [*Going.*

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Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson phthisick, a whoreson rascally phthisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were curs'd, I cannot tell what to think on 't. — What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*
Th' effect doth operate another way. —
Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together. —
My love with words and errors still she feeds,
But edifies another with her deeds. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.

Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another: I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve, of Troy there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' th' other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals,

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— that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, — is not prov'd worth a blackberry: — they set me up in policy that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and th' other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS *following.*

Tro. Fly not; for should'st thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou do'st miscall retire:
I do not fly, but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian! — now for thy whore, Trojan! — now the sleeve! now the sleeve!

[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* DIOMEDES, *fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no; — I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave, a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee: — live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck, for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle; yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them.

[*Exit.*

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Scene V.

The Same.

Enter Diomedes *and a* Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid.
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.
Serv. I go, my lord.
[*Exit* Servant.

Enter Agamemnon.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius; Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers. Haste we, Diomed
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles,
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame. —
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now, here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale: then, is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,

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Fall down before him, like the mower's swath.
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance.
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller! show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector
[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What would'st thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the General, thou should'st have my office,
Ere that correction. — Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O, traitor Diomed! — turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee. Ha! — Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy that my arms are out of use:

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My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well.
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee. — How now, my brother!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him: I'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off. — Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though thou end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek: thou art a goodly mark. —
No! wilt thou not? — I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it. — Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Same.

Enter ACHILLES, *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say. — Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;

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In fellest manner execute your aims.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye.—
It is decreed Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The Same.

Enter MENELAUS *and* PARIS, *fighting: then* THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now, my double-henn'd sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!

[*Exeunt* PARIS *and* MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

Margarelon. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too. I love bastards; I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment. Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The Devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*

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Scene IX.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!
[*Puts off his helmet, and lays his sword aside.*

Enter Achilles *and* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd: forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike! this is the man I seek. [Hector *falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou [next]! now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone. —
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.
[*A retreat sounded.*
Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myrmidon. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the Earth,
And, stickler like, the armies separates.
My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed. —
[*Sheathes his sword.*

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Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

The Same.

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and* Others, *marching*. *Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?
Nest. Peace, drums!
[*Within.*] Achilles!
Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!
Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.
Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be:
Great Hector was a man as good as he.
Agam. March patiently along. — Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent. —
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE XI.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter ÆNEAS *and* Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field.
Never go home: here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.
All. Hector? — The gods forbid!
Tro. He's dead; and at the murtherer's horse's tail,

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In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field. —
Frown on, you Heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so.
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go into Troy, and say there — Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet. — You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you! — And, thou great-siz'd coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts. —
Strike a free march to Troy! — with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS *and* Trojans.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,* PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker, lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit* TROILUS.

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Pan. A goodly med'cine for mine aching bones! — O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd. O, traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work, and now ill requited! why should our endeavour be so desir'd, and the performance so loath'd? what verse for it? what instance for it? — Let me see. —

"Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting;
And being once subdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail." —

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's Hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this, —
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss.
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit.*

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NOTES ON TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PROLOGUE.

This Prologue is found only in the folio; and Steevens conjectured, perhaps with reason, that it was not written by Shakespeare. Its style is not unlike Chapman's; and he was just the man to be called upon (perhaps by Shakespeare himself) to write it. May it not be his?

p. 19. "The princes *orgulous*": — 'Orgulous' is an anglicization of the French *orgueilleux* = proud, haughty.

' "And the deep-drawing *barks*": — The folio has "*barke*," which is noticeable only as an instance of the very common mistaking of a final *s*, which is frequently alluded to in these Notes.

' "And *Antenorides*": — The folio, "And *Antenonidus*," which may be safely regarded as a misprint, or at least a slip of the pen, for the reading of the text. In Caxton's *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye*, (a prose translation from Raoul le Fevre's romance of the same name,) which the learned Douce supposed to have been Shakespeare's principal authority for the incidents of this play, is the following passage: "In this Cyte were sixe principall gates; of whome that one was named *dardane*. the second *tymbria*. the third *helyas*. the fourthe *chetas*. the fifthe *troyenne*. and the sixthe *antenorides*." (*Apud* Rev. Alex. Dyce, *Shakespeare's Works*, Vol. IV. p. 635.)

" "—— and *fulfilling* bolts": — i. e., bolts that fill full the massy staples.

' "*Sperr* up the sons of Troy": — The first folio, '*Stirre* up," &c., by a manifest misprint which Theobald happily corrected. 'Sperr,' now spelled *spar*, means any piece of wood or metal long in proportion to its thickness, from

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the mast of a ship, or the column of an architectural screen, to the bolt of a door. Hence, to sperr was to bolt. "*Pessulum ostio obdo*, [Terence, *Eunuchus*,] — I sparred or bolted the door." Udall's *Eloq. Lat. Phrases*, 1581, sig. H. 8.

"Ye dor ful stalworthly he spers
With lokkes and with barres grete."

MS. Cotton, Galba, &c. (*Apud* Parker, *Domestic Architecture*, &c.)

p. 19. "*A prologue arm'd*": — The prologue speakers customarily wore black cloaks. There are other instances in which they are directed to appear in armor. One of these is afforded by Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, the first part of the Prologue to which is spoken by Envy, who "descends slowly:" then, after "the third sounding," "as she disappears, enter Prologue hastily in armor." Jonson's Prologue was armed as if to defend the poet against his detractors: Shakespeare's, only to suit the martial action of the play which he introduced.

p. 20. "Leaps o'er the *vant*": — i. e., over the beginning. From the French *avant* = before. The folio has "*vaunt*;" but *a* had so commonly its pure or name sound, that *aun* was a common phonographic spelling of the syllable *an*, pronounced *ahn*: for instance, *commaundment*, *auncient*, *straunger*, *repentaunce*, &c. Perhaps we should read, "leaps over the *van*."

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 21. "Call here my *varlet*": — 'Varlet,' like 'knave' and 'harlot,' had originally no opprobrious signification: it meant a servant or footman.

p. 22. "—— *when* she comes! When *is she* thence!" — The original has, "*then* she comes, when *she is* thence." The correction was made by Rowe.

" "—— doth light a *storm*": — The old copies, "a *scorne*." The correction, Rowe's.

" "—— praise *her*": — Thus the 4tos. The folio, with manifest error, "praise *it*."

p. 23. "The cygnet's down is harsh, *and spirit of sense*": — There would seem to be good reason for assuming that there had been an accidental transposition in this line, and that we should read, "to whose soft seizure *and*

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spirit of sense the cygnet's down is harsh," &c. But I am quite sure that rather than make so violent a change we must accept the following construction: 'to whose soft seizure the cygnet's down and spirit of sense is harsh,' &c. 'Spirit of sense' is used in a like signification in Act III. Sc. 3 of this play: "the eye itself, that most pure spirit of sense," &c.

Scene II.

p. 26. "—— he *coped* Hector": — The folio has, "he *cop'd* Hector," the pronunciation of the uncontracted form having been, of course, *co-ped*. But the contraction would now-a-days unavoidably be read *copt*.

" "—— at *Ilium*": — Ilium was the citadel of Troy; but Lydgate, one of Shakespeare's authorities, gave its name to Priam's palace.

p. 28. "Hector shall not have his *wit*": — The old copies have, "his *will*." Rowe corrected the manifest error.

" "—— she's a *merry Greek*, indeed": — 'Merry Greek' was a slang term for a lively, jocose person.

p. 29. "—— and so old a *lifter*": — We still call certain thieves shop-lifters.

p. 30. "—— *and all the rest are his sons*": — Priam had fifty sons; but, if there were "*two* and fifty hairs" on the chin of *Troilus*, this speech would make it out that there were fifty-one sons; and therefore Theobald, who is followed by nearly all succeeding editors, read, "*one* and fifty hairs." I believe, however, that the error is Shakespeare's. It is found both in the 4to. and the folio, and occurs twice in each.

p. 31. "I can [*tell*] you": — 'Tell,' omitted in the folio, is found in the 4to.

" "—— *the rich shall have more*": — 'Noddy' was, and is, one name for a fool; and *Cressida* means that *Troilus*, in giving the nod to Pandarus, will do as *Jacques* says worldlings do, when they make their wills — give more to one who has too much already.

" "O, *a* brave man": — The folio omits the article; and in *Pandarus'* next speech has "*ill*" for "will."

p. 32. "—— would give *an eye* to boot: — So the 4to.: the folio, "*money* to boot," which is clearly but a misprint of the 4to. reading.

p. 33. "—— liberality, and *so forth*": — The 4to. has, "and *such like*."

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p. 33. "You are such *another* woman": — The 4to., less in character, has, "such *a* woman." See *Pandarus'* second speech below.

p. 34. "—— [*there he unarms him*]": — These words in the 4to. seem to have been omitted from the folio by accident, although they are not absolutely necessary to the dialogue.

" "*To bring*, uncle": — 'I'll be with you to bring' was a cant phrase in use in Shakespeare's time, the meaning of which has not yet been satisfactorily explained.

"For carman and colier harps both on a string
In winter they cast to be with thee to bring."
Tusser's *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.*

And see Mr. Dyce's *Remarks*, &c., p. 149, for the following among other instances of its use: —

"And I'll close with Bryan till I have gotten the thing
That he hath promis'd me, and then I'll be with him to bring." Peele's *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes.*

Lady. You have been with my sister?
Wel. Yes, *to bring.*
E. Love. An heir into the world, he means.
Beau. & Fletch., *Scornful Lady*, Act V. Sc. 4.

Mr. Singer explains it — most questionably in my opinion — by another cant phrase, 'I'll be down upon you.' It seems rather to mean, to be even with.

" "*Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech*": — So both folio and 4to. The first clause needs no explanation; and it would seem hardly necessary to point out that the last means, before we [women] are won, men sue to us. Mr. Harness very plausibly proposed to read, "*Achiev'd, men us* command; ungain'd, beseech." Upon this line Mr. Singer remarks, "The line being in italics, with inverted commas in the old copies, is evidently a quotation." Not "evidently;" and not at all. Mr. Dyce has conclusively shown (*Remarks*, &c., 1844, p. 207) that maxims, apophthegms, &c., *i. e.* the gnomic portions of dramas and poems, used to be printed in inverted commas. Mr. Dyce quotes instances from several plays and poems contemporaneous with Shakespeare, and to these numberless others might be added. I will point out one in Shakespeare's own works, which is of such a nature, and occurs in such a situation, that it was clearly written for the passage in which it appears. In *Measure for Measure*, Act II. Sc. 4, near the conclusion of her

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soliloquy after her ineffectual attempt to turn *Angelo* from his purpose against her brother's life and her honor, *Isabella* exclaims, —

"Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity;"

the last line of which being a moral sentiment, the passage appears thus in the original: —

Then *Isabel* liue chaste, and brother, die
"More then our Brother, is our chastitie."

Italic letters and quotation marks were used convertibly and even together for this purpose; and some authors chose to label their wisdom in the margin as "a sentence," — the word being used as it is now-a-days when sentence is pronounced by a judge. In *Honour's Academie*, fol. 1610, this is done continually, and sometimes four or five times upon a page; and on pp. 2, 9, 16, 27, &c., are instances in which not only does "a sentence" appear in the margin, but the "sentence" itself is enclosed in quotation marks. And see Marston's works *passim* for instances like the following: —

"Jove made us not to feare; resolve, speake out;
The highest misery of man is doubt.
Speake, Catharlo." *Sophonisba*, Act I. Sc. 2.

The practice obtained even at a late day. *Cressida's* "Achievement is command," &c., is printed in italic letters and quotation marks, because, as she herself says, it is a "maxim."

Scene III.

p. 35. "*Enter* Agamemnon . . . Diomedes": — The folio brings in *Diomedes* with the rest of the Grecian leaders; it being plain that there is a general council. But because he has nothing to say, modern editors hitherto have omitted his name.

" "And *think* them shames": — The 4to., "And *call* them shames."

" "—— with a *broad* and powerful fan": — Thus the 4to. The folio, "a *loud* and powerful fan," which I cannot but regard as a mere misprint.

p. 36. "—— thy *godly* seat": — The 4to. has, "*godlike* seat," which is more in accordance with modern usage, and which has therefore been hitherto universally given. But 'godly' and 'godlike' were used interchangeably of old, as 'manly' and 'manlike' are now; and euphony is gained by the folio reading.

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p. 36. "*Like Perseus' horse*": — Perseus was not mounted upon Pegasus when he delivered Andromeda from the sea monster; but he is, strangely enough, so represented in the early prints illustrative of that adventure; and it seems probable that Shakespeare, having seen these, and knowing that his auditors (those who would think of the matter) had seen them also, availed himself of the illustration without farther thought. In the old *Destruction of Troy* a ship built by Perseus, and named Pegasus, which was likened unto a horse flying, is mentioned. But Shakespeare was not so hard put to it for similes as to say that a ship was like a ship.

" "—— the *brize*": — a name for the gadfly.

" "*And flies fled under shade*": — Malone remarked that this is an ellipsis for 'And flies *are* fled under shade,' adding that he has noticed similar omissions in the works of many of Shakespeare's contemporaries, which exegesis has hitherto been accepted. But why should a splitting wind drive flies *under shade*? I suspect that 'flies' is the true verb, and that there is irreparable corruption.

" "*Retorts* to chiding fortune": — The old copies have, "*Retires* to chiding fortune," which is plainly wrong. The correction was first proposed by Mr. Dyce, (*Few Notes*, 1854): it may possibly receive some independent support from having previously occurred to me.

p. 37. "—— Nestor, *hatch'd* in silver": — An allusion, it need hardly be said, to *Nestor's* white hair and beard. Swords and other utensils inlaid with silver were said to be hatched. And see Gifford's Note on the following passage in Shirley's *Love in a Maze*, Act II. Sc. 2: —

> "Thy hair is fine as gold; thy chin is hatch'd
> With silver."

" "*On* which heaven rides) knit all the *Greekish* ears": — The folio has, "*In* which heaven," &c.; and as 'in' was used of old in its Latin sense 'upon,' perhaps the folio reading is not a misprint. — The folio also has, "Greekes eares," which is possibly not a misprint of "Greekish eares," (the reading of the 4to.,) but the old dissyllabic possessive in *es*.

"—— his *mastick* jaws": — So the folio — "*masticke*." 'Mastix,' said to be the feminine of *mastigia*, was used to mean a whip or scourge, especially of a moral kind. See the following passage from the *Arcadia*, in which the term is applied to one of *Thersites'* kidney: "and therefore sometimes looking upon an old acquaint-

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ance of his called *Mastix*, one of the repiningst fellowes in the world, and that beheld no body but with a mind of mislike, (saying still the world was amiss, but how it should be amended he knew not,)" &c. P. 227, ed. 1603. 'Mastick' was probably used here to avoid the cacophony of "his mastix jaws;" or possibly 'masticke' is a misprint of 'masticks;' but it has generally been regarded as an error for 'mastiff' — an epithet the appropriateness of which to the jaws of *Thersites* I cannot see, as he was one of those barking dogs that never bite.

p. 37. "—— the planets, and *this centre*": — 'Centre' was used to mean the centre of the earth, and the earth itself. Here it has the latter meaning.

" "Amidst the *other*": — i. e., of course, amidst the other planets. 'Other' was used collectively: the plural form 'others' did not come into general use till after Shakespeare's day. Mr. Singer reads, "Amidst the *ether*." But did the old text need support, which it does not, it might be found in the following passage in Walkington's *Optick Glass of Humours*, 1639: — "If we do but view the princely scarlet robes he [the sanguine complexion] usually is invested with, his kingly throne seated in the midst of our earthly city, like the Sunne amid the wandering planets." *Ibid.* p. 111.

p. 38. "*The* enterprise is sick": — Hanmer plausibly read, "*Then* enterprise," &c.

" "The *primogenity*," &c.: — Thus the 4to. — "*primogenitie*;" for which "the *primogenitive*" of the folio is doubtless a misprint, due to the occurrence of 'prerogative' immediately below.

" "—— *in* a purpose": — The 4to., "*with* a purpose."

p. 39. "Troy in our weakness *stands*": — The folio has, "Troy in our weakness *lives*." This is one of a very few instances in which the congruity of a whole passage seems to warrant a deviation from an intelligible reading of the folio in favor of the reading of a 4to. Mistakes of this kind, however, by which one word is substituted for another of a meaning more or less analogous, are not very uncommon, even now-a-days. It must be remembered that this is perhaps the worst printed play in the folio, and is for other reasons peculiarly exceptional to the never absolute authority of that volume.

" "Thy *topless deputation*," &c.: — An expression which may need explanation, and which it would be difficult to paraphrase. 'Topless' is used to signify supreme, i. e., that which cannot be topped or overtopped; and

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'deputation' to express the nature of *Agamemnon's* office. He was commander-in-chief by election or deputation of the other leaders.

p. 40. "—— 'tis Agamemnon *just*" : — The 4to., "'tis Agamemnon *right*." The folio avoids a bald repetition of the word in the same sense six lines below.

p. 41. "And *bid* the cheek," &c. : — The folio, less happily, "And *on* the cheek," &c. See the fourth note above.

p. 42. "—— and *Jove's accord*," &c. : — i. e., in my judgment, 'and Jove's spontaneous geniality is not so hearty,' — as they are, whether as friends or foes. Theobald punctuated "and, Jove's accord, nothing so full," &c.; thus making 'Jove's accord' equal to an ablative absolute, *Jove annuente* = Jove approving, and understanding *is* after 'nothing.' Malone would have read, "and Jove's *a god*," &c.; Steevens, "and *Love's* a *lord*," &c.; and Monck Mason, "and Jove's *own bird*"!

" "If that *the* prais'd" : — The folio, "If that *he* prais'd."

" "To set his *sense* on *the* attentive bent" : — The folio here makes a noteworthy correction of the reading of the 4to. : "To set his *seat* on *that* attentive bent."

p. 43. "Than ever Greek did *compass* in his arms" : — The 4to. senselessly has, "did *couple*," &c. The change is equally remarkable with that above noticed.

" "—— *I'll be* he" : — The 4to., "*I am* he."

" "—— in our Grecian *host*" : — Thus the 4to. The folio misprints, "a Grecian *mould*."

p. 44. "And in my *vant-brace*" : — The vant-brace — *avant-bras*, was armor for the fore arm.

" "I'll *prove* this truth" : — Thus the 4to. The folio misprints, "I'll *pawn* this truth."

p. 45. "*Yes*, 'tis most meet" : — The 4to., "*Why*, 'tis most meet."

" "And in such *indexes* (although small *pricks*," &c. : — Indexes were *prefixed* to volumes in Shakespeare's time. 'Prick' was used for a small mark or point; as prick-note music, the prick of noon. In the next line 'subsequent' has its natural accent — upon the second syllable.

p. 46. "The lustre of the better *yet to shew*," &c. : — So the folio; the 4to., —

> "The luster of the better *shall exceed*
> By shewing the worse first."

The reading of the folio is much preferable as to sense.

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For the lustre of the better would *exceed* in any case; but it would exceed the more, i. e., "shew the better," by showing the foulest first. The defective rhythm of the second line in the folio I believe to be due to the omission of 'thus' — 'Shall shew the better *thus*. Do not,' &c.

p. 46. "—— we all should *share* with him." — So the 4to.; the folio, "should *weare* with him." But the use of 'share' first in the sense of cutting, and next in the cognate one of dividing, is so much in Shakespeare's manner that I cannot but regard the reading of the folio as a sophistication.

" "The *sort* to fight": — The lot to fight; the radical meaning of the word, from which its common use is a deflection, as it has been before remarked on several occasions.

" "—— *as* the *worthier* man": — The 4to., "*for* the *better* man."

" "Must *tarre* the mastiffs on": — Must excite, provoke the mastiffs on. See the Note on "doth tarre him on," *King John*, Act IV. Sc. 1, p. 126.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

p. 47. "—— how if he had *boils?*" — Here and in the next speech the old copies have *biles* and *byles;* — this common phonographic spelling of the word corresponding notably with a pronunciation yet common in New England.

" "—— were not that a botchy *corps*": — The old copies have, "a botchy *core;*" which reading has been hitherto retained, although its meaning is past conjecture. But *core* is a mere phonographic spelling of *corps*. See *Bacon's Life of Henry VII.*, p. 17 — "for that hee was in a *Core* of people whose affections he suspected." *Thersites* makes a pun (which, like other punsters — *Falstaff*, for instance — he deliberately prepares in his pun at the end of his preceding speech), and uses 'general' to refer to Agamemnon and to the general body or corps of soldiers, as in Act IV. Sc. 5 of this play: —

"*Nes.* Our General doth salute you with a kiss.
Ulys. Yet is the kindness but particular,
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general."

" "—— thou *vinew'd'st* leaven": — i. e., thou mouldiest leaven. The folio misprints, "*whinid'st*," and the 4to. has, "*unsalted* leaven."

p. 48. "*When thou art forth*," &c.: — These words are found

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only in the 4to. I have some doubts as to their claim to a place in the text.

p. 48. "*Mistress Thersites*": — I do not see the purpose of this feminization of Thersites, or in fact the significance of the speech. We might read, "*Master* Thersites;" but what should we gain?

" "*Cobloaf*": — A cobloaf, according to Minsheu's Dictionary, 1616, was a bun or little loaf made with a round head, like those of cob-irons which support the fire.

" "—— an *asinico*": — So the old copies. Perhaps we should read *asnico*, which is Spanish for a young ass.

p. 50. "—— ere *your* grandsires had nails": — The old copies, "*their* grandsires" — a manifest error, which Theobald corrected. It was doubtless due to the mistaking of y^r^ for 'their.'

" "—— [*peace!*]": — This word is omitted in the folio — accidentally, as *Thersites'* next speech shows.

" "—— Achilles' *brach*": — i. e., dog, hound; perhaps *bitch*. The old copies misprint, "*brooch*." See the Note on "Brach Merriman," &c., *Taming of the Shrew*, Induc. Sc. 1, p. 485.

p. 51. "—— the *fifth* hour of the sun": — The 4to. has, "the *first* houre," which, as it appears afterward, Act. III. Sc. 3, p. 87, never could have been right.

" "That hath a *stomach*": — i. e., an appetite — for fighting.

SCENE II.

p. 52. "—— 'mongst many thousand *dismes*": — i. e., tenth — our dime.

" "*And fly like chidden Mercury.*" This line and the next are accidentally transposed in the folio.

" "Should have *hare* hearts": — So the 4to.: the folio has, "*hard* hearts."

p. 53. "—— in unrespective *sieve*": — i. e., voider. The folio misprints, "in unrespective *same*."

" "And for *an old aunt*": — The allusion, as Malone pointed out, is to Priam's sister Hesione, whom Hercules, being enraged at Priam's breach of faith, gave to Telamon, who had Ajax by her.

" "—— and makes *stale* the morning": — The 4to., "makes *pale*," &c. Either word is appropriate, and the latter has been very generally preferred. But 'stale' was applied of old to loss of freshness in color or bril-

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liancy in light; as, for instance, in the following lines from *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Chorus: —

"So shall I do
To th' *freshest* things now reigning; and *make stale*
The *glistering* of this present," &c.

And the following from Wither's *Epithalamia*: —

"Farre Iris would have lookt but *stale* and dimme
In her best *colours*, had she there appeared."

And beside, color is here but an accident of the comparison. Helen's youth and freshness make Apollo and the morning look old.

p. 54. "—— *that* we do fear to keep": — The old copies, "*what* we do fear," &c. But I have no hesitation in making the trifling and obviously required emendation found in the text. Hanmer, and others after him, more violently transposed 'that' and 'what' of the *old* copies.

" "—— and wrinkled *eld*": — The folio has, "wrinkled *old*" — a trifling misprint, due probably to the great likeness between *e* and *o* in old manuscript. The 4to. has, "wrinkled *elders*."

" "Our *fire-brand brother*, Paris": — Hecuba, during her pregnancy with Paris, dreamed that she was delivered of a fire-brand.

p. 56. "—— the meanest spirit *on* our party": — A marked instance of the use of 'on' for 'of' now so common in New England.

" "—— whom *Aristotle* thought": — Shakespeare here makes Hector refer in the past tense to Aristotle at the siege of Troy, which ended eight hundred years before the Stagyrite was born. But what did Shakespeare's audience care for that?

p. 57. "Whilst *emulation* in the army crept": — Here 'emulation' is used to mean, envious rivalry. See also in the next Scene, p. 60, "a good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon."

Scene III.

p. 58. "—— which short-*aim'd* ignorance": — i. e., short-sighted ignorance. The old copies have, "short-*armed* ignorance." Mr. Dyce first pointed out and corrected the misprint, which occurs again in this play, Act V. Sc. 7, in 2 *Henry VI.*, Act IV. Sc. 9, and in *Hamlet*, Act IV. Sc. 7.

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p. 58. "—— *their* massy irons": — The folio has, "*the* massy irons."

" "—— the [*Neapolitan*] bone ache": — This is a name for one of the consequences of that disease which foul-mouthed people in Shakespeare's time seem to have talked much about. The folio omits 'Neapolitan.'

" "—— that war for a *placket*": — See the Note on "dread prince of plackets," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. Sc. 1, p. 457, and on "thy hand out of plackets," *King Lear*, Act III. Sc. 4.

" "If I could have remember'd a *gilt counterfeit*, thou would'st not have *slipp'd* out," &c.: — The allusion here is clearly explained by the following passage quoted by Reed, from Greene's *Thieves falling out True Men come by their Goods*. "And therefore he went and got him certain slips, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brasse, and covered over with silver, which the common people call slips."

p. 59. "Thou *may'st* tell": — The 4to., "Thou *must* tell."

p. 60. "Here is such *a patchery*": — A patchery is a made-up thing, a deception.

" "—— to draw *emulous* factions": — Thus the 4to. The folio misprints, "*emulations*, factions."

" "—— the dry *serpigo*": — The serpigo was a cutaneous eruption. It is enumerated with the gout and the rheum in *Measure for Measure*, Act III. Sc. 1.

" "*He shent* our messengers": — i. e., He treated our messengers roughly. The folio has, "He sent our messengers;" the 4to., "He *sate*," &c. The correction is Theobald's. Mr. Collier read, "*We sent* our messengers," and that reading was found in his folio of 1632.

p. 61. "—— but it was a strong *counsel*," &c.: — The 4to. has, "a strong *compoxure*."

" "—— for necessity, not for *flexure*": — So the 4to.: the folio has, "for flight," which is plainly an accidental or unwarrantable variation.

" "An after dinner's *breath*": — i. e., an after dinner exercise. So, "it is the breathing time of day with me," *Hamlet*, Act V. Sc. 2.

" "—— *of* his own part beheld": — The 4to. has, synonymously, "*on* his own part," &c.

p. 62. "His pettish *lunes*": — The folio misprints, "pettish *lines*." See the Note on "his old lunes," *Merry Wives*,

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Act IV. Sc. 2, p. 320. The 4to. gives this passage thus: —

" — yea watch
His course, and time, his ebbs *and* flowes, *and* if
The passage and whole *streame* of *his commencement,*" &c.

p. 63. "And batters *'gainst himself*": — The folio misprints, "'gainst *itself.*" The 4to. reads, "And batters *downe* himselfe," which has been very generally adopted. But the reading of the folio, 'gainst' for 'down,' seems to be a great improvement and an authoritative change, and 'itself' a mere misprint.

" "He is so *plaguy* proud": — 'Plaguy' is constantly used in New England, and indeed throughout the Northern States, just as it is used here. Steevens (in 1773) branded it as vulgar, and would have excluded it from the text, regardless of its relations to the remainder of the sentence, which explains the origin of the phrase. 'Death tokens' were the signs of infection with the plague.

p. 65. "—— *force* him with praises": — i. e., stuff him with praises. But perhaps we should read, '*farce* him,' i. e., season him highly, warm him through with praises. See the Note on "the farced title," *Henry V.*, Act. IV. Sc. 1, p. 136. — "He is not thorough warm" is made a part of *Ajax'* speech in the old copies — with manifest error.

" "He is not *emulous*": — See the Note on "Whilst emulation in the army crept," this play, Act II. Sc. 2, p. 149.

" "—— *beyond* all *erudition*": — The folio accidentally repeats 'beyond.' "Erudition" has here five syllables.

" "—— and for thy vigour [*let*]": — The old copies, merely, "And for thy vigour," &c.; but I think that the addition suggested by Mr. Sidney Walker must be received.

p. 66. "*Ay, my good son*": — This reply assigned to *Nestor* in the 4to. has the prefix "*Ulys.*" in the folio: — by mistake, manifestly. *Ulysses* having addressed *Nestor* as "father Nestor," *Ajax* asks, "Shall *I* call you father?"

" "—— our [*great*] General": — The folio omits 'great.'

" "Light *boats sail* swift," &c.: — The folio misprints this line. "Light Botes *may* sail swift though greater *bulkes* draw deepe."

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ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

p. 68. "—— here is good *broken music*": — i. e., music *in parts*, as the *Servant* says before, when the music is first heard, and not, I think, as Mr. Chappell defines it, music of stringed instruments as distinguished from those played by wind. Bacon in his Essay of Masques and Triumphs, referring manifestly to the performances of a band, says, "I understand it that the song be in Quire placed aloft and accompanied with some *broken Musicke*." And in *As You Like It*, Act I. Sc. 2, *Rosalind*, punning, says, "Is there any one else longs to see this broken music in his sides," i. e., to see his ribs in pieces or parts — there being plainly no reference to strings.

p. 69. "*You must not know where he sups*": — This reply of *Pandarus* to the inquiry of *Paris* is assigned to *Helen* in the old copies. Hanmer first perceived and corrected the error.

" "[*I'll lay my life*] with my *disposer* Cressida": — The words in brackets are omitted from the folio. On the unusual word 'disposer,' Heath remarks that it is "a compliment of great gallantry, to signify, that *Paris* is entirely at *Cressida's* disposal and command." And perhaps he is right; the word being used as it is when a Spaniard says (and sometimes means) that every thing he has is at *su disposicion d'usted*. But I am inclined to think that, considering *Cressida's* beauty and wantonness, there is a connection between 'disposer,' as it is used here, and 'disposed,' as it is used in "Boyet is dispos'd," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act II. Sc. 1. See the Note on that passage, Vol. III. p. 454.

p. 70. "Ay, *you may, you may*": — "The force of this colloquial phrase," remarks Mr. Singer, in a note on a passage in *Coriolanus*, Act II. Sc. 3, where it also occurs, "appears to be, you may divert yourself as you please at my expense."

p. 71. "*Sweet, above thought I love thee*": — The folio makes this a part of *Helen's* speech by a mere neglect to insert the prefix *Par.* It plainly belongs to *Paris*, to whom the 4to. gives it.

Scene II.

" "*Enter . . . Troilus' Boy*": — In the old copies, "Troilus Man;" but, as Mr. Dyce remarks, this is evidently

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the attendant whom they have previously (Act I. Sc. 2, p. 32) designated as Triolus' Boy.

p. 72. "Love's thrice-*repured* nectar": — The folio and one impression of the 4to. edition have "thrice *reputed*." Mr. Collier found 'thrice repured' in a copy of the 4to. belonging to the Duke of Devonshire.

" "My heart beats *thicker*": — i. e., its beat is frequent, with more pulsations in a given time.

p. 73. "—— you must be *watch'd*": — A term of falconry. The unmanned hawk was watched, not to guard her, but to make her watch or keep awake, and so be subdued through exhaustion. So in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. Sc. 1, —

"That is to watch her as we watch these Kites.
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not."

" "—— *rub on, and kiss the mistress*": — "The allusion," says Malone, "is to bowling. What we now call the jack seems, in Shakespeare's time, to have been termed the mistress."

" "—— a kiss *in fee-farm*": — i. e., an everlasting kiss — like lands granted in fee.

" "*The falcon as the tercel*": — i. e., the falcon against the tercel. The falcon was the female, the tercel the male hawk.

p. 76. "—— *Where is my wit? — I would be gone*": — In the 4to. these phrases are transposed.

" "—— I *shew* more craft than wit": — i. e., I showed more craft, &c. This form of the preterite (pronounced *shoo*) is not yet forgotten in New England. Although the context clearly requires this tense, (for Cressida refers to what she had previously done when she "*fell* so roundly to a large confession,") 'shew' of the old copies has been hitherto changed to 'show.'

" "—— *for to be wise and love*," &c.: — "If this," says Douce, "be Shakespeare's, he got it from Taverner's Translation of *Publius Syrus*, at the end of *Catonis disticha*, 1553, 12mo., where it stands thus: 'To be in love and to be wyse is scarce graunted to God. It is not one man's propertie both to love and also to be of sound minde.'"

p. 77. "Might be *affronted*": — i. e., might be brought face to face with. See the Note on "Affront his eye," *Winter's Tale*, Act V. Sc. 1, p. 411.

"—— as *plantage* to the moon": — i. e., that which is planted.

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p. 78. "—— let all *constant* men be Troiluses": — So folio and 4to. The context, "if you ever prove false *one to another*," clearly requires Hanmer's reading, "let all *in*-constant men," &c. But in favor of the old text, Tyrwhitt remarks that Shakespeare "seems to have been less attentive to make *Pandar* talk consequentially, than to account for the ideas actually annexed to the three names;" and Heath, that "it is clearly the intention of the poet that this imprecation should be such a one as was verified by the event, as it is in part to this very day." These objections to Hanmer's change, which have also Malone's support, are more than plausible; but they disregard the higher principle of Shakespearian criticism, that Shakespeare writing a speech for a character would write as that character would think under the circumstances in which he was placed. *Pandar*, speaking before the event had proved *Troilus* constant and *Cressida* false, and having begun by supposing them false to one another, would inevitably have said, "let all *in*constant men be Troiluses." Nevertheless, as I am not editing a Shakespeare for my own reading only, I do not venture to change the text against all authority and opinion, although the carelessness with which this play was printed might be my sufficient excuse.

" "—— *whose* bed": — Folio and 4to. have, "a chamber, which bed," &c. The reading of the text is adopted on the suggestion of Mr. Dyce. Some change is necessary. Hanmer read, "a chamber *with a bed*, which bed," &c.; and an editor whose name has escaped me, "a *bed*-chamber, which bed," &c.

" "*Bed, chamber, Pandar*": — The folio has, "Bed, chamber, *and* Pandar." I suspect this couplet to be an interpolation by the actor who played *Pandar*.

Scene III.

" "That, through the sight I bear *in things to love*": — In the dimness of the old typography in the first folio, and (on Mr. Collier's authority) in the 4tos., there is perhaps some ground of doubt as to whether the last word in this line is 'loue' or 'Ioue;' though a comparison of the doubtful letter in the former volume with the *l*s and the *I*s in the passage in which it occurs would seem to make it clear to any eye as an *l*; and in the second folio it is as unmistakably an *l* as it is in this edition. — *Calchas* says, in other words, Through my peculiar knowledge as to where it is well to place affection or regard, I have abandoned Troy: — an explanation of this much be-com-

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mented passage which, natural and obvious as it appears to me, has (when given by Mr. Knight) incurred the ridicule of Mr. Dyce. Rowe printed, "in things to *come*." Steevens read, "to love, [i. e., the consequences of the amour of Paris and Helen,] I have abandoned Troy;" which in my judgment *is* ridiculous. Johnson and Malone read, "to *Jove* I have abandoned Troy;" which is inconsistent with the story; for it was Juno, not Jove, that hated Troy. Mr. Collier suggested, "in things *above*;" which was afterward found in his folio of 1632.

p. 79. "—— is such a *wrest*": — i. e., most probably, a lever, a power; which sense is supported by the connection of ideas between 'wrest' and 'slack' in the next line. But Johnson thought it meant a distortion, and Steevens would have read "*rest*," i. e., a stay, support.

" "Give us a prince *of* blood": — i. e., of the blood-royal. Perhaps we should read, "of *the* blood."

p. 81. "—— but *honour* for those honours": — The folio misprints, "but *honour'd*," &c.

" "—— how dearly ever *parted*": — i. e., however highly gifted. Down to the days of our grandfathers, men of talents were called men of parts.

p. 82. "[*To others' eyes*," &c.: — These two lines in brackets, which are all but absolutely necessary to the sense, are omitted from the folio.

" "—— and is *mirror'd* there": — Folio and 4to. have, "is *married* there." The emendation, which needs no defence, was found in both Mr. Collier's and Mr. Singer's corrected copies of the folio of 1632.

" "—— *strain at the position*": — The folio has, "strain *it* at the position."

" "—— who, like an arch, *reverb'rates*": — The reading of the second folio: the first has, "reverb'rate." 'Who' was used in relation to things as well as persons in Shakespeare's day. Boswell would have referred it to those who applaud. Rowe read, "*which* like an arch *reverb'rates*," in which he has been very generally followed.

"The *unknown* Ajax": — i. e., the unproved, untried Ajax.

p. 83. "While pride is *feasting*": — The 4to., "is *fasting*."

" "And great Troy *shrieking*": — The folio misprints, "*shrinking*."

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p. 83. "Or *hedge* aside": — The 4to. has, "Or *turn* aside." A *forthright* was a straight walk in a garden or pleasure ground. See "forthrights and meanders," *The Tempest*, Act III. Sc. 3.

" "—— the abject *rear*": — The folio (in which only this fine simile of the horse is found) misprints, "abject *near*."

p. 84. "—— *welcome* ever smiles": — Folio and 4to. have, "*the* welcome," &c.

" "And *give* to dust": — The old copies misprint, "And *goe*," &c., which Pope corrected.

" "—— *sooner* catch the eye": — So the 4to. The folio, "*begin to* catch the eye," which is a very marked instance of a certain kind of printer's error — the words having been caught from the preceding line.

" "—— *one of Priam's daughters*": — This was Polyxena, in marrying whom, according to one of the post-Homeric accounts, Achilles was killed by Paris.

p. 85. "Be shook *to air*": — Thus the 4to.: the folio, "to *airy* air," which I cannot but regard as a mere accidental repetition.

p. 88. "Let me *carry* another," &c.: — The 4to. has, "Let me *bear*," &c.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

p. 89. "—— the most *despiteful* gentle greeting": — Thus the 4to. The folio has, "most *despightfull'st*." But a comparison of this line with the next, which is manifestly meant to correspond to it in construction, leads me to regard this reading as a mere accidental variation; although the use of the double superlative is not uncommon with Shakespeare.

p. 90. "—— a flat, tamed *piece*": — i. e., a piece or vessel of vapid wine. The French still call a puncheon, as well as an apartment, *une pièce*, while we — some of us, at least — call such a woman as Helen a piece.

" "—— *each* heavier for a whore": — The folio has, "*which* heavier," &c. — manifestly a misprint for the reading of the text, which Mr. Dyce was the first to propose.

p. 91. "We'll *but* commend," &c.: — The folio has, "Well *not* commend," &c., for the management of which hith-

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erto see the Variorum of 1821. Plainly we have here the common misprint of 'not' for 'but.' *Paris* says, We will be at the pains of commending only what we intend to sell, implying an intention not to part with *Helen*. So in Sonnet XXI. : —

"Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell."

Scene II.

p. 92. "As *tediously* as Hell" : — Thus the 4to. : the folio misprints, "As *hidiously*."

" "You bring mè *to do*" : — See the Note on "I would not do with all," *Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. 3.

" "—— *ah*, poor *capocchio*" : — The old copies, "*a* poore *Chipochia*," — 'a' standing, as it often does in old books, for 'ah,' and the Italian word being printed about as well as foreign words generally are in the early editions of our old dramatists. *Capocchio* means a silly person, a simpleton; *capocchia*, something quite different.

p. 94. "—— the *secrets* of Nature" : — Here, as often elsewhere in our old poetry, 'secrets' is a trisyllable. The 4to. has, "the secrets of *neighbor Pandar*."

Scene IV.

p. 96. "And *violenteth*" : — So the 4to. The folio misprints, "And *no less*."

" "—— no qualifying *dross*" : — The folio has "cross" — a misprint hardly worth notice.

" "*Ah*, sweet *ducks*" : — Both folio and 4to. have, "*a* sweet," &c.; and the folio has "*ducke*" instead of 'ducks' — errors, these, or rather irregularities, almost too common to require notice of their regulation.

" "—— O heart, *O* heavy heart" : — The old copies, "O heart, heavy heart;" but the rhythm leaves us no choice as to accepting the reading of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, the line being plainly "O heart, O heart, O heavy heart." In the same volume there is also a very specious change of the last line of the stave, "By *silence* nor by speaking."

p. 97. "—— so *strain'd* a purity" : — Thus the 4to. The folio has, "so *strange*," &c. — a mere misprint of the ear.

" "—— and discharge of *one*" : — The folio misprints, "of *our*."

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p. 98. "*When shall we see again*": — The folio gives this speech to *Troilus* by a manifest error. The 4to. is correct.

" "*They're loving*," &c.: — The folio, in which only this line appears, gives the passage thus: —

"*Their* loving well compos'd, with *gift* of nature,
Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise."

The reading which I have given, upon my own motion, seems to me to require neither explanation nor defence.

p. 99. "—— the high *lavolt*": — See the Note on "lavoltas high," *Henry the Fifth*, Act. III. Sc. 5.

p. 100. "To shame the *zeal*," &c.: — The old copies, "the *seal*." The words were easily and often mistaken for each other. The correction is Warburton's.

" "I'll answer to my *lust*": — This passage seems to be corrupt; and we should probably read, "when I'm hence I'll answer to my *host*." But 'my lust' may mean my desire, liking, pleasure — the proper sense of the word. That in which it is almost exclusively used now-a-days is altogether arbitrary. — The folio accidentally omits 'you' in this line.

p. 101. "*Let us make ready straight*": — The folio assigns this line to *Diomed*, with obvious error, as he is no longer on the stage. The mistake is doubtless due to the use of *D* only as the prefix. Malone made the correction.

Scene V.

" "Is not *yond'* Diomed": — The folio, "Is not *young* Diomed?" which is obviously wrong.

p. 102. "[*And parted thus you*," &c.: — This line is omitted from the folio, and possibly not by accident: though the occurence of so peculiar a word as 'hardiment' in the previous line, looks like a preparation to rhyme with with 'argument' in this.

" "*Men.* Both take and give": — This speech is assigned to *Patr*[*oclus*] in the old copies, with manifest error.

p. 103. "*Why, beg, then*": — Johnson "for the sake of rhyme" would have read, "Why, beg *two*;" and Mr. Dyce, who thinks that "a rhyme was surely intended," proposes, "Why, beg, then, *do*." But the occurrence of a rhymeless line or two in a rhymed passage is not uncommon in the works of our old dramatists; and several instances may be found in these plays. The sixth line above, for instance, "An odd man lady," &c., is without a rhyme; and yet it is certain that there no line is lost.

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p. 103. "*When Helen is a maid again, and his* ——": — The folio has a long dash, without other point, after this line, as if *Ulysses* left something to be understood or conjectured.

"That give *accosting* welcome," &c.: — The old copies have, "*a coasting* welcome," which seems to me, as it did to Monck Mason, a palpable misprint by the ear for the word in the text. Steevens' explanation that "a coasting welcome" is "a sidelong glance of invitation," even if accepted, will not help us to a sense; for to read, "that give a sidelong glance of invitation ere it [i. e., the sidelong glance, &c.] comes," is nonsense. We have *Sir Toby Belch's* authority (*Twelfth Night*, Act I. Sc. 3) that "'accost' is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her;" and thus the line means, That give bold wooing welcome ere it comes, i. e., stand ever ready to welcome it when it does come.

p. 104. "—— but *securely* done": — i. e., as Warburton remarked, with an overweening consciousness of superiority and safety. In the old copies this speech is assigned to *Agamemnon*, with manifest impropriety. Theobald restored it to *Achilles*. The mistake was probably due to the prefix, *A.*

" "—— and great deal *disprizing*": — The 4to., with less force, "*misprizing.*"

" "Or else a *breath*": — The folio misprints, "a *breach.*"

p. 105. "*The youngest son of Priam*," &c.: — The folio gives this passage thus: —

"The yongest sonne of *Priam*
A true knight: They call him *Troylus.*
Not yet mature," &c.

But "they call him Troilus" occurs but a few lines below in this very speech; and there seems hardly room for doubt that here its presence must be attributed to an accidental transposition, or an unauthorized and presuming attempt to complete a line supposed to be imperfect.

" "Nor dignifies an *impure* thought," &c.: — The 4to. has the trifling misprint, "an *impare* thought," which becoming, by the ear, "an *impair* thought" in the folio, the latter has strangely been retained by many editors, even Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier, who trusted to Steevens' citation of the use of 'impair' as an adjective by Chapman in his *Shield of Achilles*, where it is really a substantive, as Mr. Dyce has already pointed out.

p. 106. "My *sacred* aunt": — "It is remarkable," said Vail-

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lant, "that the Greeks give to the uncle the title of sacred, θειος. *Patruus avunculus*, ὁ πρὸς πατρὸς θειος, Gaz. de *Senec.* — *patruus* ὁ πρὸς μητρὸς θειος, *avunculus*, Budæi Lexic. — Θειος is also used absolutely for ὁ πρὸς πατρος θειος, Eurip. *Iphig. Taurid.* l. 390.

Ιφι. "Η που νοσουντας θειος ἴβριδεν δόμους.

And Xenophontis *Κυρου παιδεια*, lib. i. *passim*."
— Steevens regarded the use of 'sacred' in this passage as a confirmation of his conjecture that "this play was not the entire composition of Shakespeare, to whom the Grecism before us was probably unknown."

p. 106. "—— *Let me embrace thee, Ajax*": — I believe that 'now' has dropped from the end of this line. — "Now, by him that thunders, thou hast," &c.

" "Not *Neoptolemus* so mirable": — Achilles' son was named *Pyrrhus Neoptolemus*; and Dr. Johnson supposed that "Shakespeare considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus." It is not improbable that this was the case.

p. 107. "*Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here*": — Just before this speech the folio has, "*Enter Agamemnon and the rest.*" But Agamemnon and the rest are upon the stage from the beginning of the Scene. In Shakespeare's time they probably remained in the inner or second apartment of the stage, which was sometimes shut off by a curtain. The front of the stage was probably used to set out the lists; and at this speech by *Ajax*, *Agamemnon* and the other Greeks came forward into the arena of the fight.

p. 108. "*And seen thee scorning* forfeits," &c.: — The 4to. has, "*Despising* many forfeits," &c.

p. 109. "And *quoted* joint by joint": — As in "And how quote you my folly?" *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Sc. 4.

p. 110. "You may *have* every day enough," &c.: — The folio accidentally omits 'have.'

" "—— *pelting* wars:" — i. e., little, insignificant wars.

p. 111. "There in the full convive *we:*" — The folio misprints, "convive *you.*"

" "*Beat loud the tabourines*": — Here the 4to. reads, —

"—— severally entreate him
To taste your bounties, let the trumpets blowe."

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ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

p. 112. "—— thou *core* of envy": — The 4to. has, "thou *cur*," &c.

" "—— Achilles' *male varlet*": — Sir Thomas Hanmer read, "male *harlot*," most superfluously; for that would not have needed *Thersites'* explanation.

" "—— cold palsies, [*raw eyes*," &c.: — The folio has merely, "cold palsies, *and the like*, take and take again."

p. 113. "—— such *preposterous discoveries*": — The epithet 'preposterous' may well be applied to such a creature as *Thersites* says *Patroclus* is believed to be; but for 'discoveries' I can find neither a fit meaning nor a substitute.

" "—— *sley'd* silk": — i. e., floss silk. Mantua-makers still preserve a form of this word in 'sleazy,' which they apply to any material very loosely woven. The 4to. has "*sleave* silk," which, as Nares remarks, has the same meaning. See the Note on "the ravell'd sleave of care," *Macbeth*, Act II. Sc. 2.

" "—— one that *loves quails*": — From the propensities of the quail, its name was applied to a wantonly amorous woman.

Scene II.

p. 116. "—— any man may *sing* her if he can take her *cliff*": — In Cotton's *Virgill Travestie*, p. 60, ed. 1664, the curious reader will find an explanation of this passage which I had rather not quote here. — The folio misprints, "may *find* her" and "her *life*."

p. 118. "—— and *potato* finger": — An allusion to the aphrodisiac qualities formerly attributed to the potato.

p. 119. "—— *Nay, do not snatch it from me*": — These words are assigned to *Diomed* in the old copies; — improperly, as Thirlby pointed out. The folio omits 'doth' in the next line.

p. 120. "—— but that that likes not *me*": — The 4tos., "that likes not *you*;" and possibly so the author wrote.

" "—— *th' attest* of eyes," &c.: — So the 4to. The folio, by a misprint of the ear, "*the test* of eyes."

p. 121. "—— *O madness of discourse!*" — The text here is that of the 4to., which has been hitherto adopted without question, and which there does not appear to be sufficient

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reason for disturbing. But I am not prepared to admit without a doubt that we owe to accident or sophistication the following reading of the folio: —

"O madness of discourse!
That cause sets up, with and against *thyself*,
By foule authority: where reason can," &c.

In this reading 'sets' is used for 'sett'st' — a common license of old in regard to the second person singular present indicative of verbs ending in *t*.

p. 121. "As *Ariachne's* broken woof": — The superfluous *i* can better be retained than the syllable spared from the rhythm. Steevens suggested that Shakespeare may have written *Arachnea;* and Malone thought it extremely probable that he pronounced the word as a word of four syllables.

" "—— are *bound* to Diomed": — The 4to. has, "are *given* to Diomed," which suits ill with '*knot*.'

p. 122. "—— as much *as* I do Cressid love": — The 4to. accidentally omitted the second 'as,' which is needful both for sense and rhythm. The rhythm was perfected in the first folio by printing "*Cressida*" for *Cressid;* and finally the second folio perfected the sense at the cost of the rhythm by reading, "*as* I do *Cressida* love."

" "—— his *concupy*": — A slang word for 'concupiscence.'

" "—— a *castle* on thy head": — A close cylindrical helmet is said to have been called a castle. It has been suggested that it is a corruption of *casquetel*.

Scene III.

p. 123. "By [*all*] the everlasting gods": — The folio omits 'all,' accidentally without a doubt.

p. 124. "*For we would give much, to use violent thefts*": — i. e., of course, because we would give much, &c. This line, which appears only in the folio, is there printed in this very corrupt manner: —

"For we would *count* give much to *as* violent thefts."

Tyrwhitt made the correction, which is entirely in accordance with the context. He supposed that 'count' crept in from the second line above, and that 'as' was a misprint of 'use.'

" "—— but the *brave* man": — The old copies, "but the *deare* man," which is manifestly wrong. I have no hesitation in adopting Pope's reading. The only word

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which suits the context is 'brave;' and deare' might be misprinted for it, or caught from the previous clause, or the line below.

p. 124. "—— the *captive Grecians fall*":—The old copies have, by, I think, an error of the press common enough, "the captive *Grecian falls*." This reading Mr. Dyce retains, and Mr. Robson (apud Dyce) justifies by citing, "And God said, Let us make *man* in our image, after our likeness; and let *them* have dominion," &c. *Gen.* i. 26. But in this passage 'man' is used for 'mankind.' —If I thought that an editor had the right to change the text upon opinion, I should read '*caitiff* Grecians.' For, was Hector in the habit of slaughtering captives? and besides, does not the next line show that they were slain in furious battle?

p. 125. "—— with *recourse* of tears":—i. e., with a continuous coursing of tears.

p. 126. "Do deeds *of* praise":—The 4to., "deeds *worth* praise."

Scene IV.

p. 128. "—— the Grecians *begin*":—The old copies misprint, "the Grecians *began*."

" "—— now the sleeve! *now the sleeve!*"—Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, with more than plausibility, has, "now the *sleeveless!*"

Scene V.

p. 129. "—— The fierce *Polydamus*," &c.:—Every reader may not know that the names in this speech are those of some of Priam's sons.

" "—— The dreadful *Sagittary*":—This *Sagittary* was no more nor less than a centaur that used the bow—the Sagittarius of the Zodiac. He is mentioned both in the Destruction of Troye and by Lydgate.

" "—— the scaled *sculls*":—Sculls are shoals—of fish; as, for instance, in the following line quoted by Steevens from the 26th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:—

"My silver-scaled sculls about my streams do sweep."

" "—— the *strawy* Greeks":—So the 4to. The folio misprints, "*straying* Greeks."

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SCENE VI.

p. 131. "—— I will not *look upon*": — i. e., look on.

p. 132. "I reck not though *thou* end," &c.: — The 4to. has, "though *I* end," &c.

" "I'll *frush* it": — i. e., I'll break or crush it: — from the French *froisser* = to crush. See Richardson's *Dic. in v.*

SCENE VII.

p. 133. "—— execute your *aims*": — The folio and one impression of the 4to. have, "your arms." Steevens conjectured that the true reading was, "your *aims*;" and it was found by Mr. Collier in the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the 4to.

SCENE IX.

p 134. "Most putrefied *core*": — Here is a quibble upon 'corps.' See the Note on 'a botchy corps,' Act II. Sc. 1.

" "—— and *dark'ning* of the sun": — The folio has the trifling misprint, if misprint it be, "and *darking*," &c.

" "So, Ilion, fall thou [*next*]": — 'Next,' accidentally omitted from the folio, is found in the 4to. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, seeing that a syllable was needed, read, "now, *great* Troy, sink down."

" "Hark! a *retreat*": — The 4tos., "a *retire*."

" "And, *stickler* like": — "A stickler," says Malone, "was one who stood by to part the combatants, when victory could be determined without bloodshed." He carried a wand or stick.

" "—— this dainty *bait*": — Thus the 4to. — "this dainty baite;" and yet all modern editors read, "dainty *bit*." Mr. Collier only mentions the error of the folio, "this dainty *bed*," but Capell gives in his Various Readings the reading of both 4to. and folio. This little matter would not be worthy of notice, did it not seem to indicate that the British editors failed to apprehend the force of the word 'bait,' which is used in America to mean a lunch, or slight repast; something, in the old-wive's phrase, to stay the stomach. Achilles' sword, "that frankly [i. e., freely, generously] would have fed," gets only a "bait," i. e., is, in his own words, only "half supp'd." [Mr. Dyce's edition which has been published while this was passing through the press, has 'bait:' and see Richardson's *Dictionary in v.*

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SCENE XI.

p. 136. "—— and *smile* at Troy": — So the old copies. Hanmer read, "and *smite* at Troy," which reading, based upon a supposed occurrence of the easiest of clerical or typographical errors, is so in accordance with the context in the preceding and two following lines, that it should be accepted, did it complete a sentence which as a whole we could receive as Shakespearian. But 'smite at' is hardly a phrase that Shakespeare would use to express the action of the gods when sitting upon their thrones.

"*Cold* statues of the youth": — The folio misprints, "*Cool* statues," &c.

"Thus proudly *pight*": — i. e., proudly pitched.

"Hence *broker*": — As to the meaning of 'broker,' see the Notes on "a goodly broker," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Sc. 1. This speech, and, with a slight variation, that of *Pandarus* to which it is an answer, appear in the folio at the end of Scene 3 of this Act. They came there, doubtless, by some one of those many inexplicable accidents to which manuscript and 'standing matter' [i. e., standing in type] are subject in the printing office.

p. 137. "—— our endeavour be so *desir'd*": — The 4to. has, "so *loved*."

" "—— in your *painted cloths*": — See the Note on "the painted cloth," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2, p. 475.

" "Some galled *goose of Winchester*": — See the Note on "Winchester goose," First Part of *Henry the Sixth*, Act I. Sc. 3, p. 252.

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CORIOLANUS.

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The Tragedy of Coriolanus occupies thirty pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 1 to p. 30 inclusive, in the division of tragedies; a new pagination commencing with this drama. It is there divided into Acts, but not into Scenes, and is without a list of Dramatis Personæ. Rowe supplied both deficiencies.

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CORIOLANUS.

INTRODUCTION.

AS the Chronicles of Hall and Holinshed were the great storehouses whence Shakespeare drew the materials for his English Historical Dramas, so Plutarch's Lives (in North's translation from the French version of Amiot) furnished him with the characters and the incidents which he worked into his Roman Tragedies. He found the story of *Coriolanus* in North's Plutarch; and he followed it closely, even to the occasional adoption of its very language. The tragedy presents but one noteworthy deviation from Plutarch's story; and that one is trifling. It is in the conduct of *Coriolanus* immediately after his entrance into the house of *Aufidius*. (Act IV. Sc. 5.) Plutarch shows him enduring the jeers of the attendants in grand and mute disdain. Shakespeare makes him answer them; and Plutarch's golden silence pales even Shakespeare's speech to silver

This play first appeared in the folio of 1623; and as no mention of it at an earlier date is known, and it is without allusions to contemporary matters, the period of its production cannot be determined with any approach to accuracy. Its style, however, clearly shows that it is the fruit of Shakespeare's later years. It was probably written after 1610.

Coriolanus is the worst printed play in the whole first folio. Every page of it is spotted with corruption. In several passages Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 gives unwonted aid to conjecture in the restoration of the text; but even with this help some of the confusion must be abandoned as hopeless.

The period of the action is about B. C. 460. The remains of ancient art teem with authorities for the costume, to which in the Roman plays the stage should adhere strictly.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble Roman.*
Titus Lartius, } *Generals against the Volscians.*
Cominius, }
Menenius Agrippa, *Friend to* Coriolanus.
Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the People.*
Junius Brutus, }
Young Marcius, *Son to* Coriolanus.
A Roman Herald.
Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volscians.*
Lieutenant *to* Aufidius.
Conspirators *with* Aufidius.
A Citizen *of* Antium.
Two Volscian Guards.

Volumnia, *Mother to* Coriolanus.
Virgilia, *Wife to* Coriolanus.
Valeria, *Friend to* Virgilia.
Gentlewoman, *attending on* Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants *to* Aufidius, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE, *partly in* Rome, *and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.*

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THE TRAGEDY OF

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

Scene I. — Rome. A Street.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, *with staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

First Citizen.

BEFORE we proceed any farther, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 *Cit.* First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't; let it be done. Away, away!

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good. What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too

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dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. — Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the Commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations: he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to th' Capitol!

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft! who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always lov'd the people.

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1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

Menenius. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to th' Senate: they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, sir; we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman State; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack!
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o' th' State, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us? — True, indeed! — They ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor.

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If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale 't a little more.

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale; but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it: —
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' th' midst o' th' body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where th' other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd, —

1 *Cit.* Well, sir,
What answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. — With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak) it tauntingly replied
To th' discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer? What!
The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,

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Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they —
Men. What then? —
'Fore me, this fellow speaks! — what then? what then?
1 *Cit.* — Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' th' body, —
Men. Well, what then?
1 *Cit.* — The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?
Men. I will tell you,
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.
1 *Cit.* Y'are long about it.
Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd: —
"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,
"That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: but if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to th' seat o' th' brain;
And through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends," — this says the belly, mark me, —
1 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.
Men. "Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all

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From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran." What say you to't?

1 *Cit.* It was an answer. How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: for examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o' th' Common, you shall find,
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. — What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly? —

1 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage. —
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle:
The one side must have bale. —

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Hail, noble Marcius!

Marcius. Thanks. — What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to ye will flatter
Beneath abhorring. — What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you;
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

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Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble Senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? — What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say!
They'll sit by th' fire, and presume to know
What's done i' th' Capitol; who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain enough?
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are all most thoroughly persuaded;

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For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved. Hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs, —
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only: — with these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' th' moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not — 'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go; get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here. What's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't: then, we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity. — See, our best elders.

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Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other* Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1 *Senator.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us;
The Volsces are in arms.
Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility;
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.
Cominius. You have fought together.
Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1 *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant. — Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What! art thou stiff? stand'st out?
Titus. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t'other,
Ere stay behind this business.
Men. O, true bred!
1 *Sen.* Your company to th' Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.
Tit. Lead you on:
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.
Com. Noble Marcius!

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1 *Sen.* Hence! To your homes! be gone.
[*To the* Citizens.
Mar. Nay, let them follow.
The Volsces have much corn: take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners. — Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.
[*Exeunt* Senators, COM., MAR., TIT., *and* MENEN. Citizens *steal away.*

Sicinius. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Brutus. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people, —

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Bemock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him! He is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the General's fault, though he perform
To th' utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, 'O, if he
Had borne the business!'

Sic. Besides, if things go well

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Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.
Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon his present action.
Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Corioli. The Senate-House.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *and* Senators.

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Aufidius. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is:— [*Reads.*
"They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for East or West. The dearth is great;
The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation

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Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you.
Consider of it."

1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field.
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must shew themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands.
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more;
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 *Sen.* Farewell.

2 *Sen.* Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.

Rome. An Apartment in MARCIUS' House.

Enter VOLUMNIA *and* VIRGILIA. *They sit down on two low stools, and sew.*

Volumnia. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I, — considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by th' wall, if renown made it not stir, — was pleas'd to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Virgilia. But had he died in the business, Madam? how then?

Vol. Then, his good report should have been my son: I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: — had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

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Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gentlewoman. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum,
See him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus, —
"Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome." His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow? O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords contending. — Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit* Gent.

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Gentlewoman, *with* VALERIA *and her* Usher.

Valeria. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam, —

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. — How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship, well, good Madam.

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Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: has such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it!

Vol. One on 's father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good Madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I'll not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Vol. Fie! you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come; you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope; yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come: I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good Madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

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Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you: there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, Madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius, the General, is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good Madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would.—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, Madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter, with drum and colours, Marcius, Titus Lartius, Officers, *and* Soldiers.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—a wager, they have met.

Lartius. My horse to yours, no.

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Mar. 'Tis done.
Lart. Agreed.

Enter a Messenger.

Mar. Say, has our General met the enemy?
Mess. They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.
Lart. So, the good horse is mine.
Mar. I'll buy him of you.
Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him I will,
For half a hundred years. — Summon the town.
Mar. How far off lie these armies?
Mess. Within this mile and half.
Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends! — Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, two Senators, *and* Others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?
1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums
[*Drums afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up. Our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;
[*Alarum afar off.*
There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.
Mar. O! they are at it.
Lart. Their noise be our instruction. — Ladders, ho!

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The Volsces *enter, and pass over.*

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. — Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. — Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans *and* Volsces, *fighting. The* Romans *are beaten back to their trenches. Enter* MARCIUS, *enraged.*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of — Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and Hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't: come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volsces *and* Romans *enter, and the fight is renewed. The* Volsces *retire into Corioli, and* MARCIUS *follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope: — now prove good seconds.

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'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.
[MARCIUS *enters the gates.*
1 *Soldier.* Fool-hardiness! not I.
2 *Sol.* Nor I.
3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.
[*He is shut in. Alarum continues.*
All. To th' pot I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?
All. Slain, sir, doubtless.
1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.
Lart. O noble fellow!
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art lost, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Enter, from the gates, MARCIUS, *bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, sir!
Lart. O, 'tis Marcius!
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They charge, and all enter the city.*

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SCENE V.

Within Corioli. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, *with spoils.*

1 *Roman.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS, *and* TITUS LARTIUS, *with a* Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up. — Down with them! —
And hark, what noise the General makes. — To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city,
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms

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Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!
Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.
Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius! — [*Exit* MARCIUS.
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers o' th' town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near the Camp of COMINIUS.

Enter COMINIUS *and* Forces, *as in retreat.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends. Well fought: we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends. — Ye Roman gods
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encoun-t'ring,
May give you thankful sacrifice! —

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?
Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

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Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stand of Marcius, and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O, let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is 't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning th' other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

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Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague! — Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' th' field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?
Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpose.
Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?
Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' th' vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.
Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By th' blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,
We prove this very hour.
Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking. Take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

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Mar. Those are they
That most are willing.—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
(Though thanks to all,) must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a Guard upon Corioli, going with* Drum *and* Trumpet *toward* COMINIUS *and* CAIUS MARCIUS, *enters with a* Lieutenant, *a party of* Soldiers, *and a* Scout.

Lart. So; let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.
Lieutenant. Fear not our care, sir.
Lart. Hence,
And shut your gates upon 's. —
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.

Alarum. Enter, from opposite sides, MARCIUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

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Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd. 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me here. —

[*They fight, and certain* Volsces *come to the aid of* Aufidius.

Officious, and not valiant — you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, all driven in by* Marcius.

Scene IX.

The Roman Camp.

Alarum. A retreat sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, Cominius, *and* Romans; *at the other side,* Marcius, *with his arm in a scarf, and other* Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'dst not believe thy deeds; but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fusty plebeians hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts, — 'We thank the gods,

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Our Rome hath such a soldier!'—
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his Power, from the pursuit.*

Lart O General,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,
As you have done; that's what I can: induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving: Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store) of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,

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Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.
Mar. I thank you, General;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.
[*A long Flourish. They all cry,* "Marcius! Marcius!" *cast up their caps and lances:* COMINIUS *and* LARTIUS *stand bare.*
May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall
I' th' field prove flatterers! Let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing, where steel grows soft
As th' parasite's silk!
Let them be made an overture for th' wars!
No more, I say. For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,
Which without note here's many else have done,
You shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.
Com. Too modest are you:
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly. By your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you. — Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,

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With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all th' applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS. — Bear
Th' addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Mar. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank you. —
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. — You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Mar. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord General.

Com. Take it: 'tis yours. — What is 't?

Mar. I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cri'd to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Mar. By Jupiter, forgot: —

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I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd. —
Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our tent.
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to. Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

The Camp of the Volsces.

A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *bloody, with two or three* Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!
1 *Sol.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.
Auf. Condition! —
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am. — Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' th' part that is at mercy? — Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee: so often hast thou beat me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. — By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his. Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in 't it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll poach at him some way:
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.
1 *Sol.* He's the Devil.
Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour's poison'd,
With only suff'ring stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol,

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The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements, all, of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in 's heart. Go you to the city:
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 *Sol.* Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove; I pray you,
('Tis south the city mills,) bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1 *Sol.* I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — Rome. A Public Place.

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

MENENIUS.

THE augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people; for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

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Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Tribunes. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now. Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, — I mean of us o' th' right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now, — Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir; well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

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Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (alias, fools) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius; you are known well enough, too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, with not a drop of allaying Tyber in 't: said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses,) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can[not] say, your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly, that tell [you] you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough, too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough, too?

Bru. Come, sir, come; we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. — When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience,

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and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though, peradventure, some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you. [BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS *retire*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA, *and other* Ladies.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.—Hoo! Marcius coming home?

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Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the State hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night. — A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no!

Vol. O, he is wounded; I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much. — Brings 'a victory in his pocket? — The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too; I'll warrant him that: an he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the Senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go. — Yes, yes, yes: the Senate has letters from the General, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous: ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

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Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, waw.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true. — Where is he wounded? — God save your good worships! [*To the* Tribunes, *who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. — Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' th' shoulder, and i' th' left arm: there will be large cicatrices to shew the people. when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' th' body.

Men. One i' th' neck, and two i' th' thigh, — there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears.
Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crowned with an oaken garland; with* Captains, Soldiers, *and a* Herald.

Herald. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli's gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows, Coriolanus: —
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus.

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Coriolanus. No more of this; it does offend my heart:
Pray now, no more.
Com. Look, sir, your mother,—
Cor. O,
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*
Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O, thy wife—
Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.
Men. Now, the gods crown thee!
Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon. [*To* VALERIA.
Vol. I know not where to turn:—O! welcome home;
And welcome, General;—and y' are welcome all.
Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Welcome!
A curse begin at very root on 's heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors!
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

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Com. Ever right.
Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.
Her. Give way there, and go on!
Cor. Your hand, — and yours:
[*To his* Wife *and* Mother.
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd, not only greetings,
But, with them, change of honours.
Vol. I have liv'd
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy:
Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt not,
But our Rome will cast upon thee.
Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.
Com. On, to the Capitol!
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. The* Tribunes *remain.*
Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clamb'ring the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shewn flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gauded cheeks to the wanton spoil

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Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden
I warrant him Consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temp'rately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end; but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;
Which that he'll give them, make I as little question
As he is proud to do 't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' th' market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor shewing (as the manner is) his wounds
To th' people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word. O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him, then, as our good wills,
A sure destruction.

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Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to 's power he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in their war, who have their provand
Only for bearing burthens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul. I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended
As to Jove's statue, and the Commons made
A shower and thunder, with their caps and shouts.
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for th' time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

The Same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, *to lay cushions.*

1 *Officer.* Come, come; they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see 't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any farther deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in

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their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him: he is a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors *before them,* COMINIUS, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, *other* Senators, SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS. *The* Senators *take their places; the* Tribunes *take theirs also by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volsces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present Consul and last General
In our well-found successes to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here both to thank and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our State's defective for requital
Than we, to stretch it out. Masters o' th' people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

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Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.
Men. That's off, that's off:
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?
Bru. Most willingly;
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.
Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow. —
Worthy Cominius, speak. — [CORIOLANUS *rises, and offers to go away.*] Nay, keep your place.
1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus: never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.
Cor. Your honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope
My words dis-bench'd you not.
Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but, your people,
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' th' sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*
Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter
(That's thousand to one good one), when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than one on's ears to hear it? — Proceed, Cominius.

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Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. — It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him. He bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' th' Consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' th' field; and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport. As weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took: from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries. Alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet. Now all's his;
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense: then, straight his doubled spirit

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Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.
Men. Worthy man!
1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.
Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And looked upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' th' world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend the time to end it.
Men. He's right noble:
Let him be call'd for.
1 *Sen.* Call Coriolanus.
Off. He doth appear.

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The Senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee Consul.
Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.
Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.
Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.
Sic. Sir, the people

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Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to 't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.
Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
Bru. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them, — thus I did, and thus; —
Shew them th' unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only. —
Men. Do not stand upon 't. —
We recommend to you, Tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them: — and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.
Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* Senators.
Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.
Sic. May they perceive 's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.
Bru. Come; we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on th' market-place,
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.

The Same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he shews us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we, being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely colour'd: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' th' compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will: 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

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2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where, being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return, for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks: — you may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolv'd to give your voices? But that's no matter; the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man. Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore, follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* MENENIUS.

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done 't?
Cor. What must I say? —
I pray, sir, — Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. — Look, sir; — my wounds; —
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From th' noise of our own drums.
Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.

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Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.
Men. You'll mar all:
I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*
Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean. — So, here comes a brace.

Enter two Citizens.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.
1 *Cit.* We do, sir: tell us what hath brought you to 't.
Cor. Mine own desert.
2 *Cit.* Your own desert?
Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.
1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?
Cor. No, sir; 'twas never my desire yet, to trouble the poor with begging.
1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.
Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' th' consulship?
1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.
Cor. Kindly? Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you, which shall be yours in private. — Your good voice, sir; what say you?
2 *Cit.* You shall ha't, worthy sir.
Cor. A match, sir. — There is in all two worthy voices begg'd. — I have your alms: adieu.
1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.
2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again, — but 'tis no matter.
[*Exeunt the two* Citizens.

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Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be Consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends: you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them: 'tis a condition they account gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly: this is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, 'beseech you, I may be Consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily.

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices! —
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,

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Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't: —
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'er-peer. — Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus. — I am half through:
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.
Here come more voices. —

Enter three other Citizens.

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of: for your voices,
Have done many things, some less, some more.
Your voices: [for] indeed, I would be Consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore, let him be Consul. The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people.

All. Amen, amen. —
God save thee, noble Consul! [*Exeunt* Citizens.

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the Tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That, in th' official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the Senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

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Cor. Where? at the senate-house?
Sic. There, Coriolanus.
Cor. May I change these garments?
Sic. You may, sir.
Cor. That I'll straight; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to th' senate-house.
Men. I'll keep you company. — Will you along?
Bru. We stay here for the people.
Sic. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* CORIOL. *and* MENEN.
He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at 's heart.
Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?
1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.
Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.
2 *Cit.* Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.
3 *Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us down-right.
1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not mock us.
2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.
Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.
All. No, no; no man saw 'em.
3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could shew in private;

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And with his hat thus waving it in scorn,
"I would be consul," says he: "aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore." When we granted that,
Here was, — "I thank you for your voices, — thank you, —
Your most sweet voices: — now you have left your voices,
I have no farther with you." — Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd, — when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the State,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' th' body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o' th' State,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to th' plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves. You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And tri'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to,
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,

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You should have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves? and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deni'd the asker; and, now again,
Of him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* Ay, twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you, but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance, which
Most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

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Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your Tribunes; that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.
Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections; and that your minds,
Pre-occupi'd with what you rather must do,
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him Consul. Lay the fault on us.
Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country.
How long continu'd, and what stock he springs of,—
The noble house o' th' Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was King.
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
[And Censorinus, darling of the people,]
And nobly nam'd so, twice being [chosen] censor,
Was his great ancestor.
Sic. One thus descended,
That hath, beside, well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.
Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on;
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to th' Capitol.
All. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt* Citizens.

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Bru. Let them go on:
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater.
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.
Sic. To th' Capitol:
Come, we'll be there before the stream o' th' people:
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — Rome. A Street.

Cornets. *Enter* CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

CORIOLANUS.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, then, had made new head?
Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter composition.
Cor. So, then, the Volsces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon 's again.
Com. They are worn, Lord Consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you Aufidius?
Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse

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Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.
Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord.
Cor. How? what?
Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.
Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium.
Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. — Welcome home.
[*To* LARTIUS.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the Tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' th' common mouth. I do despise them,
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.
Sic. Pass no farther.
Cor. Ha! what is that?
Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no farther.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the Nobles and the Commons?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
Sen. Tribunes, give way: he shall to th' market-place.
Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

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Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are these your herd? —
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? — What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.
Bru. Call 't not a plot:
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why, then, should I be consul? By yond' clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You shew too much of that
For which the people stir. If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a Consul,
Nor yoke with him for Tribune.

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Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd. — Set on. — This paltering
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' th' plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again —
Men. Not now, not now.
1 *Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will. — My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons: —
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves. I say again,
In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
Sen. No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more?
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till they decay against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' th' people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well
We let the people know 't.

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Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any farther.
Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute 'shall'?
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. Shall!
O, good but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless Senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but
The horn and noise o' th' monster, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your impotence: if none, revoke
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators; and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the Consuls base! and my soul aches,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by th' other.
Com. Well—on to th' market-place.

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Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' th' store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece, —
Men. Well, well; no more of that.
Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power,
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the State.
Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?
Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense, resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for 't. Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the State was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' th' war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most valour, spoke not for them. Th' accusation
Which they have often made against the Senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bisson multitude digest
The Senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words: — "We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands." — Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares fears; which will in time
Break ope the locks o' th' Senate, and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles. —
Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over-measure.
Cor. No, take more:

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What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! — This double worship, —
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance, — it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness. Purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose: therefore, beseech you,
You that will be less fearful than discreet,
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on 't, that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue: let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the State
Of that integrity which should become it,
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For th' ill which doth control 't.

Bru. Has said enough.

Sic. Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee! —
What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To th' greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i' th' dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

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Bru. The Ædiles, ho! — Let him be apprehended.
Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit* BRUTUS.] in whose name, myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to th' public weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.
Cor. Hence, old goat!
Senators and Patricians. We'll surety him.
Com. Ag'd sir, hands off.
Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.
Sic. Help, ye citizens.

Enter BRUTUS, *the* Ædiles, *and a rabble of* Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.
Sic. Here's he that would
Take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.
Citizens. Down with him! down with him!
[*Several speak.*
2 *Sen.* Weapons! weapons! weapons!
[*They all bustle about* CORIOLANUS.
Tribunes, patricians, citizens! — what ho! —
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!
Citizens. Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!
Men. What is about to be? — I am out of breath;
Confusion's near: I cannot speak. — You, Tribunes
To the people, — Coriolanus, patience: —
Speak, good Sicinius.
Sic. Hear me! people, peace!
Citizens. Let's hear our Tribune: — Peace! Speak, speak, speak.
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:

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Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie:
This is thy way to kindle, not to quench.
Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people?
Citizens. True,
The people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
Citizens. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Com. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it. — We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' th' people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him.
Bear him to th' rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Bru. Ædiles, seize him.
Citizens. Yield, Marcius, yield.
Men. Hear me one word.
'Beseech you, Tribunes, hear me but a word.
Ædiles. Peace, peace!
Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friends,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
Bru. Sir, those cold ways,

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That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent. — Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here.
[*Drawing his sword.*
There's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword! — Tribunes, withdraw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!

Citizens. Down with him! down with him!
[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People, are beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your house: be gone, away!
All will be naught else.

2 *Sen.* Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 *Sen.* The gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself. Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, — as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd, not Romans, — as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' th' Capitol! —

Men. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue:
One time will owe another.

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Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could myself
Take up a brace o' th' best of them; yea, the two Tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric. — Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone.
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, *and* Others.
1 *Patrician.* This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*
Here's goodly work!
2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed!
Men. I would they were in Tyber! — What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Enter BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, *with the* Rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

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Men. You worthy Tribunes, —
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him farther trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at naught.
1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
Citizens. He shall, sure on 't.
Men. Sir, sir, —
Sic. Peace!
Men. Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes 't, that you
Have holp to make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak. —
As I do know the Consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults. —
Sic. Consul! — what Consul?
Men. The Consul Coriolanus.
Bru. He Consul!
Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If, by the Tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no farther harm,
Than so much loss of time.
Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor. To eject him hence
Were but our danger, and to keep him here,
Our certain death: therefore, it is decreed
He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good gods forbid,

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That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do 't and suffer it,
A brand to th' end o' th' world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry. When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot,
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was.

Bru. We'll hear no more. —
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread farther.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to 's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so, —

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our Ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? — come! —

Men. Consider this: — he has been bred i' th' wars

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Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

1 *Sen.* Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you, then, as the people's officer. —
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place. — We'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you. —
Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

1 *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A Room in Coriolanus' House.

Enter Coriolanus *and* Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears: present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch

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Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1 *Pat.* You do the nobler.
Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me farther, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals; things created
To buy and sell with groats; to shew bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war. I talk of you:
[*To* VOLUMNIA.
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.
Vol. O, sir, sir, sir!
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.
Cor. Let go.
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.
Cor. Let them hang.
Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS *and* Senators.

Men. Come, come; you have been too rough, something too rough:
You must return, and mend it.
1 *Sen.* There's no remedy;

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Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the mid'st, and perish.
Vol. Pray be counsell'd.
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.
Men. Well said, noble woman.
Before he should thus stoop to th' herd, but that
The violent fit o' th' time craves it as physic
For the whole State, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.
Cor. What must I do?
Men. Return to th' Tribunes.
Cor. Well, what then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. For them? — I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do 't to them?
Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' th' war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there?
Cor. Tush, tush!
Men. A good demand.
Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request?
Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Because that now it lies on you to speak
To th' people; not by your own instruction,

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Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood. —
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd
I should do so in honour: I am, in this,
Your wife, your son, these Senators, the nobles;
And you will rather shew our general louts
How you can frown, then spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady! —
Come, go with us: speak fair; you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,)
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and th' eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head, —
Which, often; thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling, — say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou do'st confess,
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

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Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.
Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd; although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' th' market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence: all 's in anger.
Men. Only fair speech.
Com. I think, 'twill serve; if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.
Vol. He must, and will. —
Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.
Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarbed sconce?
Must I with my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do 't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw 't against the wind. — To th' market-place!
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to th' life
Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son: as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.
Cor. Well, I must do 't.
Away, my disposition, and possess me

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Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms! — I will not do 't,
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice, then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content:
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return Consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' th' way of flattery farther.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away! the Tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly: — pray you, let us go.

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Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.
Men. Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home; that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed. —

Enter an Ædile.

What! will he come?
Æd. He's coming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Æd. With old Menenius, and those Senators
That always favour'd him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?
Æd. I have; 'tis ready.
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Æd. I have.
Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, 'It shall be so,
I' th' right and strength o' th' Commons,' be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry 'Fine;' if death, cry 'Death;'

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Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' th' truth o' th' cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.

Bru. Go; about it. —
[*Exit* Ædile.
Put him to choler straight. He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction; being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume. — The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shews of peace,
And not our streets with war!

1 *Sen.* Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

Enter Ædile, *with* Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

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Æd. List to your Tribunes. Audience: peace! I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say. — Peace, ho!

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens! he says, he is content.
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think upon the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briers;
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider farther,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier. Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well; no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for Consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind

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Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! Traitor?
Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.
Cor. The fires i' th' lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor? — Thou injurious Tribune,
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?
Citizens. To th' rock! to th' rock with him!
Sic. Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves th' extremest death.
Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome, —
Cor. What do you prate of service?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?
Men. Is this
The promise that you made your mother?
Com. Know,
I pray you, —
Cor. I'll know no farther.
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,

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Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying, 'good morrow.'
Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envi'd against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' th' people,
And in the power of us, the Tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates. I' th' people's name,
I say, it shall be so.
Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away.
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.
Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends; —
Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.
Com. Let me speak.
I have been Consul, and can shew for Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then, if I would
Speak that —
Sic. We know your drift. Speak what?
Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.
Citizens. It shall be so: it shall be so.

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Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels)
Making not reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes) deliver you as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back.
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo! [*Shouting and throwing up their caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates; and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite:
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Citizens. Come, come; let us see him out at gates: come. —
The gods preserve our noble Tribunes! — Come.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Rome. Before a Gate of the City.

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *and several young* Patricians.

CORIOLANUS.

COME, leave your tears: a brief farewell. — The beast
With many heads butts me away. — Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, — being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O Heavens! O Heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman, —

Vol. Now, the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat. — Cominius,
Droop not: adieu. — Farewell, my wife! my mother!

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I'll do well yet. — Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. — My sometime General,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. — My mother, you wot well,
My hazards still have been your solace; and
Believe 't not lightly (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen), your son
Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance,
That starts i' th' way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month; devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' th' absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate. —
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch; when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.

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While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. — Come; let's not weep. —
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand. —
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Street near the Gate.

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and an* Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home: he's gone, and we'll no farther. —
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.
[*Exit* Ædile.
Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.

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Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS.

Vol. O, y' are well met. The hoarded plague o' th' gods
Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace! be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear, —
Nay, and you shall hear some. — Will you be gone? [*To* BRUTUS.

Vir. You shall stay too. [*To* SICIN.] I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame? — Note but this fool. —
Was not a man my father? Had'st thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed Heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good. — I'll tell thee what — yet go: —
Nay, but thou shalt stay too. — I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then!
He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all. —
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come: peace!

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

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Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had. 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which Heaven
Will not have Earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let's go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this: —
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well; we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you. —
[*Exeunt* Tribunes.
I would the gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat: I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. — Come, let's go.
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.

A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman *and a* Volsce, *meeting.*

Roman. I know you well, sir, and you know me. Your name, I think, is Adrian.

Volsce. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No!

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian State, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our State thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy, Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their Tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

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Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from Rome, all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions and their charges distinctly billeted, already in th' entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir: I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Antium. Before AUFIDIUS's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. — City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars

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Have I heard groan and drop: then, know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me. — Save you, sir.
Citizen. And you.
Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium?
Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the State,
At 's house this night.
Cor. Which is his house, beseech you?
Cit. This, here before you.
Cor. Thank you, sir. Farewell.
[*Exit* Citizen.
O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose house, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me: —
My birth-place hate I, and my love 's upon
This enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

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SCENE V.

The Same. A Hall in AUFIDIUS's House.

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 *Servant.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter a second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.—Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house. The feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now, th' art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. *The first meets him.*

3 *Serv.* What fellow 's this?

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1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o' the house: pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marv'llous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you. Pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function; go,
And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit.*

3 *Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' th' city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' th' city of kites and crows? — What an ass it is! — Then, thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No; I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress.
Thou prat'st, and prat'st: serve with thy trencher. Hence! [*Beats him away.*

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Enter AUFIDIUS *and the second* Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what would'st thou? Thy name? Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [*Unmuffling.*] not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not think me for the man I am, necessity commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

[Servants *retire.*

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't: though thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel: what's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not: — thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me. Only that name remains:
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;

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And suffer'd me by th' voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of hope
(Mistake me not) to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' th' world
I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou 'rt tir'd; then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut would shew thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond' cloud speak divine things,
And say, ''Tis true;' I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius. — Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,

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And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married: never man
Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars, I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't. Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me, —
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat, —
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-bear 't. O, come; go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
Th' one half of my commission; and set down, —
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness, — thine own ways;

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Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most welcome! [*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought, — I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking as it were, — Would I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn. He is simply the rarest man i' th' world.

1 *Serv.* I think he is; but a greater soldier than he you wot on.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six on him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our General is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

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Enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

1, 2 *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lief be a condemn'd man.

1, 2 *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our General, — Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say thwack our General?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our General; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on 't: before Corioli, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our General himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our General is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by th' ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

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2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do 't as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do 't! he will do 't; for, (look you, sir,) he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir,) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I: it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than wars a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a greater maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. — They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VI.

Rome. A Public Place.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame. The present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry, here do make his friends
Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pest'ring streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he. O, he is grown most kind
Of late. — Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
But with his friends: the common-wealth doth stand,
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

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Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-den, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-den to you all, good-den to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours. We wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.

Citizens. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt* Citizens.

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving, —

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth Consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it; and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;

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And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.
Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.
Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?
Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd — It cannot be;
The Volsces dare break with us.
Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sic. Tell not me:
I know, this cannot be.
Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the Senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.
Sic. 'Tis this slave.
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: — his raising!
Nothing but his report!
Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.
Sic. What more fearful?

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Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.
Sic. This is most likely!
Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
God Marcius home again.
Sic. The very trick on 't.
Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the Senate.
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories, and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news? what news?
Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses; —
Men. What's the news? what's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.
Men. Pray now, your news? —

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You have made fair work, I fear me. — Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians, —
Com. If!
He is their god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!
Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair work.
Bru. But is this true, sir?
Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the legions
Do smilingly revolt, and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.
Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it?
The Tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, 'Be good to Rome,' they charg'd him, even

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As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.
Men. 'Tis true.
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, 'Beseech you, cease.' — You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts; you have crafted fair.
Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
S' incapable of help.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' th' city.
Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer. Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters. —
And is Aufidius with him? — You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming:
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter:
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

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Citizens. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part, When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us. That we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Y' are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made Good work, you and your cry! — Shall 's to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay, what else? [*Exeunt* COM. *and* MEN.

Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd: These are a side that would be glad to have This true which they so seem to fear. Go home, And shew no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i' th' wrong, when we banish'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home. [*Exeunt* Citizens.

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol. — Would half my wealth Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Camp, at a small distance from Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS *and his* Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to th' Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft 's in him, but

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Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him; yet his nature
In that's no changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shews good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too.
The Tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome

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As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them, but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From th' casque to th' cushion, but commanding peace,
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utt'rance. So our virtue
Lies in th' interpretation of the time;
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
T' extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then, shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT V.

Scene I. — Rome. A Public Place.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, *and* Others.

Menenius.

NO, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said,
Which was sometime his General; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name.
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to; forbade all names:
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name o' th' fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes, that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap, — a noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was least expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well: could he say less?

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Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose th' offence.
Men. For one poor grain or two?
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too; we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid 's with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
Men. No; I'll not meddle.
Sic. Pray you, go to him.
Men. What should I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome towards Marcius.
Men. Well; and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard, what then?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say 't be so?
Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.
Men. I'll undertake it:
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then

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We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore, I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold: his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, "Rise;" dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand; what he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain,
Unless in 's noble mother and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

An Outpost of the Volscian Camp before Rome. The Guards at their stations.

Enter to them MENENIUS.

1 *Guard.* Stay: whence are you?
2 *G.* Stand, and go back.
Men. You guard like men: 'tis well; but, by your leave,
I am an Officer of State, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.
1 *G.* From whence?
Men. From Rome.
1 *G.* You may not pass; you must return: our General
Will no more hear from thence.
2 *G.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.
Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your General talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.
1 *G.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.
Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy General is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever magnified my friends
(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,

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I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise Have almost stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow, I must have leave to pass.

1 *G.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your General.

2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he din'd, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy General is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decay'd dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution. You are condemn'd; our General has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy Captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my Captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy General.

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1 *G.* My General cares not for you. Back, I say: go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood, — back, — that's the utmost of your having, — back.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow, —

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation: you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but [by] my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' th' state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering: behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. — The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs, and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much. — Therefore, be gone:
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than

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Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
[*Gives a paper.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.
[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power. You know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

2 *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for th' world, nor your General: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, y' are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your General do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our General: he 's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

The Tent of CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and* Others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome tomorrow
Set down our host. — My partner in this action,

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You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love, I have
(Though I shew'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only
That thought he could do more. A very little
I have yielded, too: fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the State, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to. — Ha! what shout is this?
[*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not. —

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA *leading* young MARCIUS, VALERIA, *and* Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then, the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate. —
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? — I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others. — My mother bows,

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As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great Nature cries, 'Deny not.' — Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say
For that, 'Forgive our Romans.' — O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous Queen of Heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. — You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' th' earth;
[*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Shew duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then, let the pebbles on the hungry beach

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Fillip the stars; then, let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,
Murth'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which, by th' interpretation of full time,
May shew like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' th' wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy!

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace;
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before:
The things I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
T' allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask but that

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Which you deny already: yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore, hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we'll
Hear naught from Rome in private. — Your request?
Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till

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These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread
(Trust to 't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. 'Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. 'A shall not tread on me:
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say, 'This mercy we have shew'd;' the Romans,
'This we receiv'd;' and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, 'Be bless'd
For making up this peace!' Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses,
Whose chronicle thus writ, — 'The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To th' ensuing age abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son!

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Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' th' air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why do'st not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? — Daughter, speak you;
He cares not for your weeping. — Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. — There is no man in the world
More bound to 's mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' th' stocks. — Thou hast never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back; but, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs. — He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname, Coriolanus, 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
This is the last; — so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours. — Nay, behold 's:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't. — Come, let us go.
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and this child
Like him by chance. — Yet give us our dispatch:

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I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,
And then I'll speak a little.

[*He takes* VOLUMNIA *by the hand, which he holds for a time in silence.*

Cor. O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold! the Heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O,
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son, — believe it, O, believe it, —
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him! But let it come. —
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me. For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause. — O mother! wife!

Auf. [*Aside.*] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a firmer fortune.

[*The* Ladies *make signs to* CORIOLANUS.

Cor. Ay, by and by;

[*To* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *&c.*

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we
On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve

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To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. A Public Place.

Enter MENENIUS *and* SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' th' Capitol; yond' corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him: but I say, there is no hope in 't. Our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is 't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding: he wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

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Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house.
The plebeians have got your fellow-Tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news! — The ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone.
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain, as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it!
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through th' gates. Why, hark you!

[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*

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The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*
Men. This is good news.
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day:
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Shouting and music.*
Sic. First, the gods bless you for their tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulness.
Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.
Sic. They are near the city.
Mess. Almost at point to enter.
Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The Same. A Street near the Gate.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, Valeria, *and* Ladies, *accompanied by* Senators, Patricians, *and* Citizens. *They pass over the stage.*

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them.
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius;

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Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:
Cry, — Welcome, ladies, welcome: —
All. Welcome, ladies!
Welcome! [*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Corioli. A Public Place.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, *with* Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' th' city, I am here.
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to th' market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the Commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t' appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words. Dispatch.
[*Exeunt* Attendants

Enter three or four Conspirators *of* Aufidius' *faction.*

Most welcome!
1 *Conspirator.* How is it with our General?
Auf. Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.
2 *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent, wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed as we do find the people.
3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain whilst

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'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.
Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He watered his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.
3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for Consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping, —
Auf. That I would have spoke of.
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holp to reap the fame
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He waged me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.
1 *Con.* So he did, my lord;
The army marvell'd at it; and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory, —
Auf. There was it;
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour

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Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more.
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords *of the City.*

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines; but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding, — this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches: you shall hear him,

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Enter CORIOLANUS, *with drum and colours*; *a crowd of* Citizens *with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to th' Romans; and we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by th' Consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' th' Senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor! — How now! —

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name,
Coriolanus, in Corioli? —
You Lords and heads of the State, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up
For certain drops of salt your city, Rome, —
I say your city, — to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' th' war, but at his nurse's tears

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He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.
Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?
Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.
Cor. Ha!
Auf. No more.
Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him,—that
Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.
1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.
Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!
Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?
Conspirators. Let him die for 't.
Citizens. Tear him to pieces; do it presently.
He kill'd my son;—my daughter:—he kill'd my cousin Marcus:—he kill'd my father.—
2 *Lord.* Peace, ho!—no outrage:—peace!
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us

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Shall have judicious hearing. — Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.
Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!
Auf. Insolent villain!
Conspirators. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!
[AUFIDIUS *and the* Conspirators *draw, and kill* CORIOLANUS, *who falls:* AUFIDIUS *stands on him.*
Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!
Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.
1 *Lord.* O Tullus! —
2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.
3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him. — Masters all, be quiet. —
Put up your swords.
Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.
1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded,
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.
2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.
Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. — Take him up: —

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Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one. —
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully;
Trail your steel pikes. — Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory. —
Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of* CORIOLANUS.

A dead march sounded.

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NOTES ON CORIOLANUS.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 173. "*Our business is not unknown to th' Senate*". — This and the remaining replies to *Menenius* on the part of the Citizens in this Scene have the prefix "2 *Cit.*" in the folio. But as the Second Citizen is plainly a friend of *Coriolanus* and an admirer of *Menenius*, which appears by all his previous speeches, Malone, who first assigned those in question to the *First Citizen*, seems to have done well in trusting rather to Shakespeare's consistency of characterization than to the typographical accuracy of this very incorrectly printed play, upon a point in which error might so easily be committed.

p. 174. "To *stale't* a little more": — The folio, "To *scale* it," &c. Some editors interpret "scale," to disperse; but granting the word that meaning, what sense does it afford in the place it holds? *Menenius* tells the people that it may be that they have heard his story; *but*, since it serves his purpose, he will venture to use it, old as it is, and make it even *staler*. Can there be the least doubt that Theobald was right in changing one letter, and reading as in the text? So "I'll not *stale* the jest by my relation," Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, Act IV. Scene 2. The old fable that *Menenius* recounts is put into his mouth by *Plutarch*, and the language of the play is very nearly that of North's translation. See p. 240, ed. 1579.

" "——— I may make *the belly smile*": — So in North's Plutarch: "And so the bellie, all this notwithstanding, laughed at their follie, and sayed, It is true that I first receyve all the meates that norishe mans bodie," &c., p. 240.

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p. 174. "It *tauntingly* replied": — The folio misprints, "It *taintingly*," &c.

p. 175. "—— *the store-house and the shop*": — According to modern British usage, Shakespeare is here somewhat pleonastic; but according to the best English usage, which is still preserved in New England and her offshoots, he is not at all so. 'Shop' means properly a place where fabrics are made, or work is done; and such is the sense in which it is always used with us; but in Great Britain it is now very rarely so applied, and is almost universally misused to mean a store, or collection of articles kept or stored for sale — a confusion avoided in Elizabethan usage and in that of the present day in this country. Thus, for instance, we say a watchmaker's shop, a milliner's shop, a saddler's shop, a carpenter's shop, but a book store, a grocery store, a hardware store, a carpet store; an apothecary's shop, but a drug store; a tailor's shop, but a clothing store; a shoemaker's shop, but a shoe store; a cabinet maker's shop, but a furniture store. The transatlantic use of the word, and its active verb-al sense, which we have adopted, are clearly traceable to the custom of having the booth or the sales-room in front of the shop, such a vivid picture of which is presented in the opening chapter of *The Fortunes of Nigel*. — In the passage before us the stomach is represented as both the storehouse of the body — "still cupboarding the viand" — and its shop — "sending it through the rivers of the blood."

" "—— *to th' seat o' th' brain*": — Tyrwhitt, characterizing this expression as "very languid," proposed to read, "*to the seat*, the brain" — in the sense of 'royal seat.' But that sense may be accepted without making any change in the original text. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "to the *Senate* brain."

p. 176. "—— *digest* things rightly": — The folio has here and elsewhere "*dis*gest," &c. — an obsolete form of the word which I remember to have heard in my boyhood from very old people in New England.

" "The one side must have *bale*": — 'Bale' means ruin, calamity, misery, as it is hardly necessary to remark; for, once obsolete, this word is now coming into use again.

" "He that will give good words to *ye*": — The original has, "to *thee*" — clearly a misprint due to the mistaking of 'ye' for 'y^{e},' as Mr. Dyce has remarked.

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p. 177. "—— I'd make a *quarry*" : — 'Quarry' seems to have been applied to the remains after slaughter either in fight or the chase. In *Hamlet*, Act V. Sc. 2, *Fortinbras* exclaims, "This quarry cries on, havock;" in *Macbeth*, Act IV. Sc. 3, Rosse says, —

> "to relate the manner
> Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
> To add the death of you."

" "Nay, these are *all most* thoroughly," &c. : — The folio prints, "*almost* thoroughly."

p. 178. "—— the heart of *generosity*" : — i. e., of the nobly born, the aristocracy, those who are *generosi*.

" "—— *unroof'd* the city" : — The folio has, "*unrooft*" — a misprint hardly worth notice.

" "Win *upon* power" : — Should we not read, "Win *open* power"? The rhythm and the sense of the passage leave me hardly a doubt that we should.

p. 180. "—— to *gird* the gods" : — i. e., to taunt or jeer at the gods. So *Falstaff*, "Men of all sorts take pride to gird at me," 2 *Henry IV.*, Act I. Sc. 2.

p. 181. "Of his *demerits*" : — Shakespeare and his contemporaries frequently used 'demerit' as synonymous with 'merit.'

Scene II.

" "What ever have been thought *on*," &c. : — The folio has, "thought *one*." See the Note on "my gloves are on," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Sc. 1.

p. 182. "To *take in* many towns" : — i. e., to subdue, &c. The phrase occurs again in this sense in *Antony and Cleopatra* and in this play.

" "—— to guard *Corioli*" : — The folio always has "*Corioles*," in which cacography it but follows North's *Plutarch*.

p. 183. "—— *his brows bound with oak*" : — The oaken garland, or *corona civica*, was bestowed upon him only who had saved the life of a Roman citizen in battle, slain his opponent, and held the ground. It was never granted except upon the evidence of the person whose life was saved. Once obtained, it might always be worn; and it insured the wearer a place next the senators in public assemblies, where all rose from their seats as he entered.

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He, his father, and his grandfather were also exempt from taxes and other public services.

p. 184. "At Grecian *swords contending*": — The first folio has, "At Grecian fword. *Contenning* tell *Valeria*," — the compositor having clearly supposed the word which he misprinted "*Contenning*" to be the name of the gentlewoman to whom *Volumnia* speaks; and I will not say that I am certain that he was in error. The second folio has, "At Grecian *fwordes Contending:* tell Valeria," which reading is given in the text because it has been generally received and I have no better one to substitute, rather than from any confidence on my part that it is what Shakespeare wrote. The word 'contending' is at least superfluous. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "At Grecian swords *contemning*."

p. 185. "—— *has* such a confirm'd countenance": — So the folio; the pronoun being omitted, according to a practice remarked elsewhere in these Notes. See *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act IV. Sc. 3, p. 137.

" "A *crack*, madam": — i. e., a boy. "I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate when he was a crack not thus high," 2 *Henry IV.*, Act III. Sc. 2. Boys may have been so called on account of their talkative, boastful dispositions.

Scene IV.

p. 188. "—— *you herd of — Boils and plagues*," &c.: — The folio prints this line, "You shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues;" and this reading is left unchanged in the second folio. Theobald printed, "You shames of Rome, you! herds of boils and plagues." Malone first gave the reading of the text. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "You shames of Rome! *Unheard*-of Boils and Plagues;" which is a very acceptable reading, both for its fitness and its conformity to the original text.

p. 189. "—— Thou art *lost*, Marcius": — The folio has, "Thou art *left*." But when 'e' was so much like 'o,' and 'f' like 'f,' the supposed misprint was of the easiest; and 'Thou art left,' although it is not nonsense, yet has not a sense suited to the context.

" "Even to *Cato's* wish": — The folio has, "Euen to *Calues* wish" — an easy misprint for 'Even to *Catoes* wish.' And that it was so is clear enough from a passage in Plutarch's Life of Coriolanus which Shakespeare found

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in North's translation, in which an idea of a soldier such as *Lartius* sees in *Coriolanus* is attributed to Cato the Elder. Theobald made the correction.

SCENE VI.

p. 191. "—— *Ye* Roman gods": — The folio misprints, "*The* Roman gods."

p. 193. "—— i' th' vaward are the *Antiates*": — The folio has, "the *antients*," which is clearly a misprint for 'the Antiates,' as appears by the following passage from North's *Plutarch*, which is also an instance in point of the close resemblance between Shakespeare's text and that of his authority. "Martius asked him howe the order of their enemies battel was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men. The Consul made him aunswer, that he thought the bandes which were in the vaward of their battell were those of the Antiates, whom they esteemed to be the warlikest men, and which for valliant corage would geve no place to any of the hoste of their enemies. Then prayed Martius to be set directly against them. The Consul graunted him, greatly praysing his corage," p. 241, ed. 1579.

p. 194. "*Lesser* his person": — The folio misprints, "*Lessen* his person." Theobald read, "*Less for* his person;" and it was left for Steevens to introduce the obviously correct reading of the text.

" "And *four* shall quickly draw out my command": — Why four? The number is a strange one, considering the object in view. The integrity of the passage has been long suspected; but no emendation worthy of notice has been proposed, unless "foure" is a misprint for 'fome,' as Mr. Singer conjectured.

SCENE VII.

p. 195. "Those *centuries*": — A century was a company of one hundred men.

SCENE IX.

p. 196. "*Thou'dst* not believe thy deeds": — The folio has, "*Thou't* not," which has hitherto been given, "*Thou'lt* not." But "If I *should*" requires, of course, "thou *wouldst*," not "thou *wilt*." But perhaps we should retain the original text literally.

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p. 198, "Let *them* be made an *overture* for th' wars": — i. e., Let drums and trumpets be used to usher in war, not for flattery. — The first six lines of this speech, as they stand in the folio, form one of the most perplexing passages in these plays; and I am far from being confident of the correctness with which they are here presented. There they are printed thus: —

"May these same Instruments, which you prophane,
Neuer sound more: when Drums and Trumpets shall
I' th' field proue flatterers, let Courts and Cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing:
When Steele growes soft, as the Parasites Silke,
Let *him* be made an Overture for th' Warres:"

This reading has been retained by most modern editors, including Malone and Mr. Dyce, with the substitution of exclamation marks for the colons, the reference of 'him' to the parasite's silk, (which is sufficiently in accordance with the usage of Shakespeare's time,) and the change by Mr. Dyce (on Tyrwhitt's suggestion) of 'overture' to 'coverture': — the last on the ground either that the use of 'overture' in its musical sense is not as old as the time of Shakespeare, (which it is quite unnecessary to suppose,) or that it has no meaning whatever suitable to the context. But to this reading there is the paramount objection that any soldier, and *Coriolanus* of all soldiers, would regard courts and cities as made all of false-faced soothing, whether drums and trumpets were used as instruments of flattery or not. Especially would he so speak of them under the circumstances of this occasion. And as to making either steel or silk a *coverture* for the wars, what possible connection is there between armor, or any soldierly equipment, and the flourish against which *Coriolanus* is protesting? — These considerations, as well as the reading to which they lead, I supposed to have occurred first to myself; but I found them substantially given in Mr. Knight's Pictorial Edition. (I may add that at first I thought of reading also, "*where* drums and trumpets," and "as the *parasite*, silk.") — The only objection to the reading of the text (and it is a great one) is its rhythm, which is, in my judgment, both un-Shakespearian and unsuited to the mood of *Coriolanus*. There must be a pause after "Never sound more;" and it would be in Shakespeare's manner of versification, and especially appropriate to *Coriolanus*, that the exclamation should come there to a full period. The prolongation of the first sentence of the speech, by an accessory clause, into the middle of the next line,

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enfeebles both the protest and the verse. And the next sentence is measurably open to the same objection. But the rhythm of the whole speech, with any arrangement, is far from being unexceptionable. In the folio we have a hemistich of seven syllables and three accents, followed by a line of ten syllables and four accents; which certainly indicates corruption of the text or derangement of the verse.

p. 199. "*Caius Marcius Coriolanus*": — The folio here and elsewhere transposes this name thus: *Marcius Caius Coriolanus*. It has been the general custom to invest *Marcius* immediately with his cognomen, and to prefix his next and following speeches *Coriolanus*. But in the folio, this, with some propriety, is not done until the arrival of the hero in Rome and the proclamation and confirmation of his honors. See Act II. Sc. 1, p. 206.

" "—— with whom we may *articulate*": — i. e., enter into articles.

Scene X.

p. 200. "—— I'll *poach* at him some way": — The folio has, "Ile *potche*," &c.; and hitherto the word has been printed *potch*, with the explanation, either that (as Steevens remarked) 'potch' is used in the midland counties for a rough, violent push, or that it means to strike with a sharp instrument, as in the following passage from Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, p. 311: "They use also to poche them [fish] with an instrument like a salmon-speare." But *Aufidius* means no such open attack; for his emulation "hath not that honour in't it had;" and *potch* is plainly a mere phonographically irregular spelling of 'poach.' He means to steal upon his enemy. 'Poach' occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster* — a play performed before *Coriolanus* was written. The *t* was often introduced in words ending in *ch* to secure the soft sound of that combination — 'rich,' for instance, being spelled *ritch* by some writers, lest it should be pronounced *rik*.

p. 201. "*Embarquements* all of fury": — Malone, in explanation of this passage, cited from Sherwood's English-French Dictionary at the end of Cotgrave's, "An imbarking, an imbarguing. *Embarquement*," and from Cole's Latin Dictionary, 1679, "to *imbargue* or lay an imbargo upon." So 'embarquement' here means restraint.

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ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

p. 203. "—— *said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint*": — How lamentably from the purpose have the commentators been in their exegesis and correction of this passage! — I myself, in my youth and haste, (See *Shakespeare's Scholar*, p. 359,) having followed the multitude to do evil. All readers, too, according to my observation, refer "said" to "allaying Tyber;" but it is *Menenius* who, being "hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion," is said to be something imperfect in favoring the first complaint made to him. All the clauses of this sentence are but specifications of his traits of character.

" "—— that tell [*you*] you have good faces": — The word in brackets, the repetition of which doubtless caused its accidental omission from the original, was restored in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 205. "—— *but empiricutic*": — Spelled in the folio *Emperickqutique*. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "*Empiric physic.*"

"*On 's brows*": — i. e., a victory on his brows: — referring to *Menenius'* question.

p. 206. "*Death, that dark spirit,*" &c.: — For reasons that will be apparent to the critical reader, when his attention is directed to the subject, I cannot accept this couplet as Shakespeare's. The second line might be even poorer in thought than it is, and yet have the external semblance to Shakespeare's work in which it is now utterly deficient. I believe the lines to have been added to the prompter's book, to please the actor of *Volumnia* with a round, mouth-filling speech.

" "In honour follows *Coriolanus*": — The folio, with obvious error, "in honor followes *Martius Caius Coriolanus.*"

p. 208. "But with them *change* of honours": — Theobald read, with more than plausibility, '*charge* of honours,' supposing an easy misprint, which undoubtedly occurs elsewhere in the folio text of this play — "And yet to change [charge] thy sulphure," Act V. Sc. 3, p. 288. 'Change of honours' may, however, be used for variety of honors.

' "Into a *rapture* lets her baby cry": — The reading,

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"Into a *rupture*," &c., has been proposed by some one, I quite forget whom — probably *Sairey Gamp*, or some other good woman who "monthlies."

p. 208. "Her richest *lockram* 'bout her *reechy* neck": — Lockram was a very cheap kind of linen cloth. 'Reechy' means fuming with grease and dirt.

" "—— seld-shewn *flamens*": — A flamen was a priest of the highest order consecrated to the service of a particular deity. It is hardly necessary to remark that 'seld' is a form of 'seldom.'

p. 210. "—— who have their *provand*": — "But by my soul, [Dalgetty *loquitur*,] if I had my provant and a bottle of rhenish under my belt, I should have stood otherways up to him," *Legend of Montrose*, Chap. IV.

" "Shall *touch* the people": — The folio, "Shall *teach*," &c. The trifling but clearly necessary emendation was suggested by Mr. Knight. Theobald plausibly read, "Shall *reach* the people."

Scene II.

p. 212. "The theme of *our* assembly": — A trifling anachronism. For, as Warburton remarked, till the enactment of the Lex Attinia, somewhere about three hundred years after the death of Coriolanus, the Tribunes had not the privilege of entering the Senate, but had seats placed for them near the door, on the outside of the house.

p. 213. "We shall be *bless'd* to do": — Both Mr. Collier's and Mr. Singer's corrected copies of the folio of 1632 have, "We shall be *prest* [i. e., ready] to do" — a very acceptable emendation, were one needed. But Shakespeare uses 'blessed' in exactly the same sense elsewhere.

" "Than *one on 's* ears": — The folio prints, "Than *on ones* ears." See the Note on "my gloves are on," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Sc. 1.

p. 214. "—— his Amazonian *chin*": — The folio has, "Amazonian *shinne*." Is this a mere misprint? or was 'chin' so pronounced in Shakespeare's day? or was *sh* used because *ch* might have been pronounced hard?

" "—— *the woman in the scene*": — Another anachronism. There were no theatres in Rome until more than two hundred years after the banishment of Coriolanus.

" "*He lurch'd all swords of the garland*": — To lurch was to obtain an easy victory. Malone cited from Cole's Latin Dictionary, 1679, "A lurch, *Duplex palma, facilis*

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victoria;" and Steevens from Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, "—— you have lurch'd your friends of the better half of the garland."

p. 214. "—— As *weeds* before," &c.: — The second folio has, "As *waves*," &c.

p. 215. "The common muck *o' th'* world": — The folio, by rare neglect in this regard, has, "*of the* world."

Scene III.

p. 217. "*Enter several Citizens*": — The folio has, "*Enter* seven or eight *Citizens*;" for those were not the days of supernumeraries.

" "—— *for once we stood up*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "for once *when* we stood up" — plausibly, but needlessly. For when the best educated British writers of to-day do not scruple to use in speech and writing such a barbarous phrase as "immediately I did thus he did so" or "immediately I went in he went out," (meaning *as soon as* or *when* I did or went, &c.,) what need for us to correct the speech of one of Shakespeare's plebeians in a similar regard?

"—— some black, some *auburn*": — The folio has, "some *Abram*." See the Note on "young *auburn* Cupid," *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. Sc. 1.

p. 218. "—— *you may, you may*": — See the Note on this phrase, *Troilus and Cressida*, Act III. Sc. 1, p. 152.

p. 219. "*Enter* two *Citizens*": — The folio, "*Enter* three *Citizens*" — with manifest error, as *Coriolanus* says, "Here comes a brace."

" "—— Ay, *not* mine own desire": — The folio has the common misprint, "Ay, *but*," &c. It was corrected in the third folio.

p. 220. "Than crave the *hire*": — The folio affords here a noteworthy example of the misprint by the ear. It has, "Than craue the *higher*."

" "Why in this *wolvish gown*," &c.: — i. e., in this gown, in which, to attain my own ends, I assume a virtue — humility — which I have not, like the wolf in sheep's clothing. — The first folio has, "this Wooluish *tongue*," which has been almost universally regarded by modern editors as a misprint for 'this wooluish *toge*.' But with this opinion I cannot agree. For nowhere else does Shakespeare use 'toge,' or even 'toga,' or any word

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formed from it, often as there was opportunity, almost occasion, in his classical plays. And, besides, in the passage of North's Plutarch which he was here dramatizing (p. 244, ed. 1579) we have, "a poore gowne" and "a simple gowne," but no mention of a toga; and Shakespeare, we know, stuck closely to his authority in such cases — even to its words when they were names of things. The misprint of 'gowne' for 'tongue' is not so extravagant but that it might occur even now-a-days; and for these reasons, therefore, it seems most probable that the editor of the second folio was right in reading, 'this wolvish gowne.' — We might read, —

"Why, in this wolvish tongue, should I stand here
To beg," &c., —

i. e., 'Why should I stand here to beg in this wolvish or deceitful tongue;' but the speaker's reply to his own question, "Custom wills me to 't," forbids. Custom enjoined upon him only the napless vesture of humility and the solicitation. — Of the various conjectural readings proposed for this passage, no others appear worthy of mention.

p. 221. "For truth to *over*peer": — The folio, with manifest error, has, '*o're-peere.*' This ill-printed play is remarkable for its excessive misuse of the apostrophe.

" "—— [*for*] indeed I would be Consul": — The preposition is 'from' in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 225. "[*And Censorinus,*" &c.: — This line was added by Pope; and one or more had plainly been lost from the folio; for the next cannot refer to *Publius* and *Quintus*. Pope made up the line from the following passage in North's *Plutarch*, which, it will be seen, Shakespeare closely followed in this speech of *Brutus*: "The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of the which hath sprong many noble personages: whereof Ancus Martius was one, king Numaes daughters sonne, who was king of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the same house were Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conducts. Censorinus also came of that familie, that was so surnamed, bicause the people had chosen him Censor twice." p. 237, ed. 1579. Although, as Mr. Dyce remarks, Pope's line is far from being a happy one, it seems to have now acquired a sort of prescriptive right to a place in the text. — I am responsible for the addition of 'chosen' to the next line; and in justification of my text cite the lack of the two syllables in the folio, and the presence of the word in the above passage of the *Plutarch*.

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ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

p. 227. "—— the *Nobles* and the *Commons*": — The folio has, "the *Noble* and the *Common*;" but that the omission of the *s* was accidental appears both from the sense of the passage and the use of a capital initial letter in both instances. Capital letters indicate substantives.

p. 228. "Have you inform'd them *sithence*": — See the Note on this word in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act I. Sc. 3, at the time of writing which I had forgotten the present instance of its use.

p. 229. "The *cockle* of rebellion": — Cockle is a weed which chokes the growth of wheat. Here Shakespeare followed North's *Plutarch* closely. — "Moreover, he said, that they nourished against themselves the naughty seed and cockle of insolency and sedition which had been sowed and scattered abroad among the people."

p. 230. "His *absolute shall*": — This speech and *Coriolanus'* next may appear to some readers at variance with the remark made elsewhere in this work, that in Shakespeare's time the distinction between 'shall' and 'will' was not so clearly drawn, or so strongly insisted upon, as it is at present. And certainly the recognition of the compulsory sense of 'shall,' and the difference of signification between that auxiliary and 'will' could not be more strongly marked than it is in the outbreak of the newly chosen Consul against the Tribune's use of the former instead of the latter. But upon this point there can hardly be any misunderstanding, and need be no remark. No one who is acquainted with our early literature will dispute for a moment that very long before the Elizabethan period, 'shall,' emphatically applied by a speaker to a second or third person, expressed obligation, or that 'will,' used in the same manner, expressed simple futurity; or, again, that 'shall,' used with regard to a coming event, had a prophetic force, and implied either the ability to bring it about, or the well assured belief that it would happen. It is the restriction of 'shall,' in the first person, to the expression of simple futurity, and of 'will' to that of 'volition,' which is the mark of a more modern stage of the language. True, many passages may be produced from Shakespeare's own works in which these two auxiliaries are used in exact conformity to the modern idiom; but many others occur in which the distinction, now so well established, is disregarded.

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Not having looked for examples, I cite the following which have recently attracted my attention. — The reader will bear in mind that of course 'should' and 'would' follow respectively the usage of 'shall' and 'will.' — First from *Macbeth*, Act III. Sc. 4 : —

"*Macb.* Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host:
Our hostess keeps her state; but in best time
We *will* [shall] require her welcome."

Here *Macbeth's* first 'will' expresses volition; his second, mere futurity. — Next from *Troilus and Cressida*, Act IV. Sc. 4 : —

"*Tro.* But be not tempted.
Cres. Do you think I *will* [shall]?
Tro. No:
But something may be done that we will not."

Here *Cressida* uses the auxiliary 'will' to express simple futurity; *Troilus*, the independent verb, implying assent, if not desire. — From *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act II. Sc. 1: —

"*Hel.* Then thou shalt give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I *will* [shall] command."

Here *Helena* uses 'shalt' with the sense of obligation, as, under the circumstances, she had a right to do, although she addressed a king; but when she says, 'I will,' she expresses only a contingent futurity, and, according to modern idiom, should say, 'I shall.' — From *Julius Cæsar*, Act II. Sc. 2 : —

"*Cæs.* The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar *should* [would] be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar *shall* not."

Here the second 'should' is used according to modern idiom; but as *Cæsar* speaks of himself in the third person, the first 'should,' as it expresses simple futurity, should be 'would.' And if it should be objected (though quite insufficiently, in any case, I think) that *Cæsar*, speaking of his own future, might use the auxiliary proper to the first person, this will not set aside the alleged violation of idiom. For in the second line below, the speaker, still regarding himself in the third person, and imposing a duty upon himself, says, 'shall,' which is quite in conformity with modern usage; whereas, if he were thinking in the first person, though using the third, and expressing his determination under the circumstances, he should say, 'will.' Clearly, modern idiom requires

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either 'would' in the first instance or 'will' in the last. — From *The Merchant of Venice*, in various passages: —

"*Ner.* If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you *should* [would] refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him." Act I. Sc. 2.

"O, that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not derived corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then *should* [would] cover that stand bare!"
Act II. Sc. 9.

"*Por.* *We'll* [we shall] see our husbands
Before they think of us." Act III. Sc. 3.

"*Duke.* Meantime the Court [himself and the Senators] *shall* [will] hear Bellario's letter."
Act IV. Sc. 1.

The second and third of these instances in *The Merchant of Venice* are noticed by Sir Edmund Head, ("*Shall and Will*," London, 1858.) Of 'should' in the second he says that it may mean "ought," "would be made," to cover, &c., which I am sure he could only have said without sufficient consideration of the context. Were 'should' applied to 'stand bare,' it might possibly have been accepted as meaning 'would be made.' But it is those who now stand bare who in a certain case *would cover*; and compulsion does not go with honor. In the third instance the Right Honorable critic remarks that "'will' denotes intention." Clearly not: mere futurity, even if *Portia* were speaking for herself alone. But she is speaking *for* both herself and *Nerissa*, and *of* both their husbands; and *Nerissa* knows nothing of the plot, and so could have no intention in regard to it. — These are a few of the very numerous cases in which Shakespeare deviated from modern idiom in the use of 'shall' and 'will;' and to these I add two others which I have recently met with in Elizabethan writers.

"If the course of youth had any respect to the staffe of age, or the liuing man any regard to the dying mould, we *would* [should] with greater care when we were young shunne those things which *should* [would] greeue us when we be old." *Euphues.* ed. 1597, sig. S 2 *b*.

"What *shall* [will] thy kinsmen thinke, thou cause of all their ruthe?
Thy dedly foes do laugh to skorne thy yll employed youth."
Brooke's *Romeus and Juliet*, p. 10, ed. Collier.

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The numerous instances, however, in which our early authors, including Shakespeare himself, use 'shall' and 'will,' and 'should' and 'would,' as we ourselves are in the habit of using them, are to be attributed to the fact that the idiom was unsettled, and the usage fluctuating; for where right and wrong are not clearly defined, men will be as apt to do right as wrong. —The idiom in question is thought by Archdeacon Hare (*Philological Museum*, Vol. II. p. 219) to be a growth from the courtesy that forbids us needlessly to control, or seem to control, the volition of others, which we should seem to do by saying, in regard to mere futurity, 'I will, thou shalt, he shall,' the purport of which, in respect to volition, is entirely reversed in 'I shall, thou wilt, he will.' This is plausible; but whatever its origin, the distinction seems to have been partially recognized in Shakespeare's day, and to have been well established now for a century and more. Yet it is one to which even the best authors within that period are not found invariably conforming. For instance, Sir Edmund Head. in the little volume before alluded to, (which exhibits a great deal of subtle analysis and philological acquirement, with an occasional gleam of that insular prejudice which it seems even your best disposed and most intelligent Briton cannot be without,) quotes from Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson the following ejaculation of the doctor's on hearing that a murderer prayed for the mercy of Heaven: "I hope he *shall* find mercy." This palpable violation of idiom Sir Edmund attempts to explain away by saying that Dr. Johnson did not mean to express "a mere conjectural hope of an undecided future," but that he spoke of "something already concluded by the fiat of an Almighty Judge," and that the sentence is equivalent to "I hope he is destined to find mercy." Ingenious and laudable, but futile. Forgetful, doubtless, in the first place, (*quoad* the conclusive fiat,) that Dr. Johnson was in the daily habit, as long as he lived, of praying for the soul of his departed Hetty; and ignorant, I presume, in the second, that the doctor, in his last note on *Timon of Athens*, had written the following sentence in regard to his editorial labors on that play.

"In this tragedy are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavored to rectify or explain with due diligence; but having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my labors *shall* be much applauded."

Yet I will not say that in this instance the great moralist might not have had an inkling of a fiat, future indeed, but sufficiently certain to extinguish any "conjectural

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hope" that he might otherwise have cherished. — But a very close and extended critical observation of English style is not necessary to acquiescence in the correctness of Dr. Latham's remark, "I doubt whether the current rule [as to this idiom] is so absolute as it is said to be." *English Language*, Vol. II. p. 413, ed. 1855. — Not to prolong by invidious citation this already too extended Note, I shall merely mention that I remember having noticed instances of the violation of the rule in the writings, critical as well as miscellaneous, of authors of more or less eminence born on both sides of the water, in the columns of the London *Times*, and of the London *Saturday Review*, and even in those of the *Atlantic Magazine*. It were better at once to admit that this idiom involves a distinction which, though valid and clearly definable, is of extreme delicacy, and at times requires great nicety in its application. It is one as to which the best writers may occasionally err; while most persons who are well educated themselves, and who have been accustomed from their youth to the society of cultivated people, will be likely to use it with instinctive correctness in ordinary conversation. — [I will add that while the proofs of this play were passing through my hands I met with the following sentence in Lord Macaulay's biography of Johnson: "It *should* seem that a full half of Johnson's life, during about sixteen years, was passed under the roof of the Thrales." *Biographies*, &c., Edinburgh, 1860, p. 120.]

p. 230. "O, *good*, but most unwise," &c.: — The folio misprints, "O *God*," &c. This speech, as will be seen by the immediately subsequent Notes, is very corruptly printed in the folio.

" "*Given Hydra here to choose*," &c.: — i. e., why have you endowed this many-headed monster here with the power of choosing an officer, &c.: — 'given' being used with the infinitive, as in 'give me to know,' 'gave him to understand.' Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, very plausibly, "Given Hydra *leave* to choose," &c.

" "The noise and horn o' th' *monster*": — The folio adds *s* to 'monster' — the commonest of misprints or irregularities of spelling when that volume was issued.

" "Then vail your *impotence:* if none, *revoke*," &c.: — 'Vail' means to lower, and was commonly used in the figurative sense of submit, or yield, in which it occurs elsewhere in these plays. — The folio has, "Then vale your *Ignorance:* If none *awake*," &c., which is utterly without sense to me, as it is to Mr. Dyce, and of which I am unable to find even a plausible attempt at explanation.

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The text which I have given (from Mr. Collier's folio of 1632) requires no comment either as to its sense, its fitness to the context, or the probability of the typographical errors which it presupposes.

p. 231. "Was not *our recompense*": — i. e., the corn was not the recompense which the patricians gave to the plebeians. But Southern, in his copy of the folio of 1685, and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, have, "Was not *their* recompense."

p. 231. "—— could never be the *motive*," &c.: — The folio has, "could never be the *Natiue* of our so frank Donation," which is plainly corrupt. The restoration, which needs no defence, is from Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "How shall this *bisson multitude*": — The folio has the extravagant misprint, "this *Bosome-multiplied*," which yet remained uncorrected till the discovery of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, and which — so stolidly tenacious is hide-bound conservatism of its *mumpsimus* — has since then found defenders. 'Bisson' means blinded.

" "*Call our cares fears*": — Mr. Dyce suggests that something has dropped out from this line. The metrical arrangement is that of the original; and whatever change be made, there will be a foot lacking.

p. 232. "To *jump* a body," &c.: — 'Jump' was quite surely used of old substantively in the sense of risk, venture; but this use of it as a verb, transitively, is so singular in itself, and so infelicitous in the present passage, that I more than suspect corruption. Yet I cannot accept either Mr. Singer's reading, "To *imp* a body," or Mr. Dyce's, "To *vamp* a body," or suggest a better myself.

" "*Has said enough*": — As to the omission of the pronoun in this speech and the next, see the Note on "namely, is no time to recover hair," *Comedy of Errors*, Act II. Sc. 2.

p. 234. "—— your country's *friends*": — The folio has, "your country's *friend*" — an obvious error, as *Menenius* addresses both Tribunes.

p. 235. "Go, get you to *your* house": — The folio misprints, "to *our* house."

" "*Stand fast*," &c.: — The folio assigns this speech to *Cominius* by the very easy misprint *Com.* for *Cor.* But *Coriolanus* was a man to bid stand rather than be bidden; and *Cominius* urges him to go. See the fourth speech below. Warburton made the change.

" "*I would they were barbarians*": — The folio makes this and the following speech one; assigning it to *Menenius*. But, as Tyrwhitt first saw, it is clearly *Coriolanus* who

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speaks here; and *Menenius* breaks in, "Begone," &c. The same correction was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 237. "Do not *cry havock*": — Tyrwhitt remarks that to cry havoc seems to have been the signal for general slaughter, and quotes the following from the *Ordinances des Battailles*, 9 R. ii. art. 10: "Item, que nul soit si hardy de crier havok sur peine d'avoir la test coupe." Todd adds the following extract from Henry VIII.'s Statutes and Ordinances of War: "For them that cry hauoke. Also that noo man be so hardy to crye hauoke, upon payne of hym that is so found begynner, to dye therefore," &c.

p. 237. "Were but *our* danger": — The folio has, "Were but *one* danger" — corruptly, I cannot for a moment doubt. The emendation, made by Theobald, needs no other justification than a perusal of the whole sentence.

p. 238. "Towards her *deserved* children": — i. e., her deserving children. The use of the perfect for the present participle, and *vice versa*, was common in Shakespeare's time.

" "This is clean *kam*": — 'Kam,' a word of Welsh origin, was used in Shakespeare's time, as a sort of slang term, for awry, crooked, contrary.

p. 239. "Since *he* could draw a sword": — The folio, here only, in this play, has, "Since *a* could," &c. See the Note on "if he could get her good will," *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II. Sc. 1, p. 332.

" "*I'll go to him*," &c.: — The folio, by a manifest error, prints, "I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him *in peace*," the last two words having plainly been caught from the line but one below.

Scene II.

p. 240. "The *thwartings* of your dispositions": — The folio has, "The *things*," &c. The happy emendation is due to Theobald.

p. 241. "Cleave in the *mid'st*". — In Shakespeare's time it had not been forgotten past occasional recognition, that 'midst' was a contraction of 'middest,' the superlative of 'mid.' Instances of its dissyllabic form are numberless. Thus in *Honour's Academie*, 1610, in the fourteen syllable lines of which it frequently occurs: —

"Thrusting himself in *middest* of, this chast and harmless flocke,
As doth the Wolfe when he doth meane, the silly Lambes to mocke." Part 2, p. 26.

The contracted form was written both with and without

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the apostrophe, as now-a-days is the case with 'don't and 'can't.'

p. 241. "I have a heart as little *apt* as yours": — This may mean a heart as little open to impression, as undocile. So in this play, Act IV. Sc. 3 — "For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy, Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people," &c.; and in *Othello*, Act II. Sc. 3 — "She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so bless'd a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested;" and *Timon of Athens*, Act I. Sc. 1 — "Does she love him? she is young and apt." — But the chief difficulty in this speech is in the last clause. Let 'apt' mean what it may, to what does Volumnia compare her use of anger "to *better* vantage"? Not improbably, in my judgment, a line has been lost; in which case that which is found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 is either the original or a most ingenious fabrication. In that volume the passage stands, —

> "I have a heart as little apt as yours
> *To brook control without the use of anger*,
> But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
> To better vantage."

This restores appositeness to the third of these lines; while the occurrence of the words 'use of anger' at the end of two lines (and the recurrence is very natural) would be very likely to cause the omission of one of them.

" "*Because that now it lies on you*," &c.: — Mr. Dyce well remarks that we can scarcely doubt that the earlier part of this speech has suffered from the transcriber or the printer. With the present text, whatever arrangement of the lines be adopted, the verse halts miserably The folio reads, "it lies *you on*," &c. For the transposition, which seems clearly to be required, I am responsible

p. 242. "—— that are but *roted* in," &c.: — The folio has, "but *roated* in." *Roate* was a common spelling of 'rote in Shakespeare's day, and the word was not infrequently used as a verb. But if it were not, and this instance were unique, what matter? — Boswell suggested, and Mr. Dyce reads, "*rooted* in," &c. — in the sense, rooted, infixed no deeper than your tongue.

"*Which, often; thus correcting thy stout heart*": — i. e., which *do* often; by this repeated act of courtesy correcting thy stout heart. This line and the next have been made the subject of much comment, and several conjectural emendations have been proposed, for all of which I must refer the reader to the Variorum of 1821 and subsequent

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critical editions. The line (which is without points in the folio) has hitherto been pointed thus: —

"Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,"

(or with dashes instead of the commas before and after 'thus,') with Malone's explanation that "'which' is the absolute case, and is to be understood as if he [Shakespeare] had written, *It* often" — an exegesis which Malone might well revisit the earth to explain. The difficulty seems to have resulted from a failure to perceive the elision in 'which often,' and that 'thus' belongs to 'correcting.' — The whole passage is difficult. See the next Note.

p. 242. "—— *say to them*": — The folio prints this line thus: —

"That will not hold the handling: *or* say to them."

But as the superfluous syllable is just in that part of the verse in which such superfluity is absolutely inadmissible, and as it is as fatal to sense as it is to rhythm, I do not hesitate to excise it, although it has been hitherto retained. The sentence is one of the involved kind which Shakespeare often wrote in his later years, (See, for instance, *Measure for Measure* and *The Winter's Tale, passim*;) and all between "stretch'd it" and "say to them" is parenthetical, parenthesis between parenthesis; the direct construction being, "Go to them with this bonnet in thy hand, and, thus far having stretched it, [i. e., your disposition,] say to them," &c. The introduction of 'or' may be safely attributed to the incapacity of the compositor to keep up to the strain of the sentence. He thought there must be a place for a rest and a fresh start.

p. 244. "—— *the virgin voice*," &c.: — Criticism of Shakespeare's poetry has no place in this work, unless as an aid to settlement of his text; but I may be pardoned for remarking that this is the most infelicitous use of epithet that I remember to have noticed in all these plays.

" "*Tent in* my cheeks": — Dr. Johnson's explanation, that here to tent is to take up residence, has been hitherto accepted, and has given this passage a place in other dictionaries than his own, as illustrative of that verbal signification of 'tent.' But, as applied to 'smiles,' this appears to me a strained and very unhappy use of the word. I believe that 'tent' here is the 'tent' of 'tent-stitch,' — a needlewoman's phrase as old as this play, — and that "tent in my cheeks" means catch in, or draw in, my cheeks.

"But *owe* thy pride thyself": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "But *ow'st*," and perhaps should be followed.

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SCENE III.

p. 245. "—— his *envy* to the people": — i. e., his hatred.

p. 246. "—— and to have his *worth* of contradiction": — So the folio, most unsatisfactorily. Rowe, with much probability, read, "to have his *word*," &c.; and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "to have his *mouth*," &c. — a much inferior reading.

"*Throng* our large temples": — The folio has, "*Through*," &c. Theobald made the correction.

p. 247. "His rougher *accents*": — The folio, "rougher *Actions*:" the correction, Theobald's.

p. 249. "Nor check my *courage*": — See the Note on "And this soft courage," 3 *Henry VI.*, Act II. Sc. 2.

" "—— and can shew *for* Rome": — The folio has the not uncommon misprint, "shew *from* Rome," which Theobald corrected.

" "*My dear wife's estimate*": — i. e., my estimation of my dear wife. So in *King Henry the Fourth*, First Part, Act V. Sc. 4: "Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion;" i. e., the opinion held of thee, thy reputation.

p. 250. "Making *not* reservation of yourselves": — The folio, by a common and palpable misprint which Capell corrected, "Making *but*," &c.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE 1.

p. 251. "To say *extremity* was": — The folio, "*Extreamities* was" — a mere instance of the careless addition of *s*, so often remarked upon in these Notes.

" "—— *being gentle wounded*": — An elliptical — or, rather, interrupted — sentence. The continuity of thought is suddenly broken at "struck home," and "being gentle wounded" [i. e., gentle when wounded] is the nominative to "craves;" the sense, of course, being, When Fortune's blows are most struck home, to be gentle when wounded craves a noble policy. Pope read, "being gently *warded*," &c.; Hanmer, "being *greatly warded*, crave;" and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, "being gentle *minded*," &c.

p. 252. "My *first* son": — Warburton explains this as "My noblest, most eminent son." Heath would read, "My *fierce* son"

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p. 252. "More than a wild *exposure*": — The folio has, 'a wilde *exposture*," which, with Rowe and Steevens, I regard as a mere typographical error, and hardly worthy of notice. Some editors retain 'exposture.'

Scene II.

p. 254. "Are you *mankind?*" — See *Leontes* to *Paulina* — "Out! A mankind witch!" *Winter's Tale*, Act II. Sc. 3.

p. 255. "*Cats*, that can judge": — The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 changed this to "*Curs*, that can judge;" forgetting what Shakespeare did not forget, that a woman and a housewife speaks.

Scene III.

p. 256. "—— your favour is well *appear'd*": — Steevens plausibly proposed, "is well *approv'd*;" but I believe the old text is right, the more so that there seems to me to have been a jingling quibble intended between 'beard' and 'appear'd.'

p. 257. "—— already in th' *entertainment*": — i. e., already in the pay. So "I'll . . . entertain a score of tailors," *Richard III.*, Act I. Sc. 2.

Scene IV.

p. 258. "Where great Aufidius *lies*": — i. e., dwells. See the Note on "She must lie here," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. Sc. 1.

" "Whose *house*, whose bed": — The folio, "Whose *hours*," &c. The text, as to the correctness of which there appears to be no ground of doubt, is from Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

"My birth-place *hate* I": — The folio has, "My Birth-place *haue* I." The obvious typographical error was left for Steevens to correct.

Scene V.

p. 259. "—— my *master* calls for him": — The folio has only, "my *M.* calls for him" — one of many similar instances.

"—— to such *companions*": — Shakespeare and the writers of his time frequently use 'companion' derogatively; as, "scall, scurvy, cogging companion," *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III. Sc. 1; "no swaggering companions," 2 *Henry IV.*, Act III. Sc. 4; "I scorn you, scurvy companion," *Id. Ibid.*

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p. 261. "*If Tullus not yet thou know'st me*": — How closely Shakespeare sometimes followed North's Plutarch cannot perhaps be better shown than by a comparison of this speech and the next but one by *Coriolanus* with the correspondent passage in Shakespeare's authority.

"If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, dost not perhappes beleeue me to be the man I am in dede, I must of necessitie bewraye myselfe to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thy self particularly, and to all the Volces generally, great hurte and mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname of Coriolanus that I beare. For I never had other benefit nor recompence, of all the true and payneful seruice I haue done, and the extreme daungers I haue bene in, but this only surname: a good memorie and witnes of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest bear me. In deede the name only remaineth with me: for the rest the enuie and crueltie of the people of Rome haue taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobilitie and magistrates, who haue forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath now driuen me to come as a poore suter, to take thy chimney harthe, not of any hope I haue to saue my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not haue come hither to haue put my life in hazard; but prickt forward with spite and desire I haue to be reuenged of them that have banished me, whom now I begin to be auenged on, putting my persone betweene thy enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any harte to be wreeked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, spede thee now, and let my miserie serue thy turne, and so vse it, as my seruice may be a benefit to the Volces: promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you, than euer I dyd when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly, who know the force of their enemie, than such as haue neuer proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art wearye to proue fortune any more, then am I also weary to liue any longer. And it were no wisdome in thee, to saue the life of him, who hath bene heretofore thy mortall enemie, and whose seruice now can nothing helpe nor pleasure thee." p. 249, ed. 1579.

p. 262. "A heart of *wreak*": — i. e., a revengeful heart.

" "—— that *wilt* revenge": — So the folio; the expression being elliptical, as Mr. Dyce remarks, for 'that thou wilt.' The usual reading is, "that *will* revenge."

p. 263. "And *scar'd* the moon with splinters": — The folio has, "And *scarr'd*," &c. — a mere irregularity. See

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"Amaze the welkin with your broken staves," *Richard III.*, Act V. Sc. 3.

p. 263. "Had we no *other* quarrel else?" — Mr. Dyce thinks 'other' a transcriber's or printer's addition. It is omitted in the folio of 1664.

" "Like a bold flood *o'er-bear't*": — Every copy of the first folio that I have seen has, "Like a bold Flood ore *beate;*" but Mr. Collier says that the late Earl of Ellesmere's copy has, "ore *beare.*" I believe this to be the result of mere accidental injury to the *t* or the wearing of it before that copy was printed. Corrections of the folio as it was going through the press are not to be assumed on such evidence. I have yet to find indications that they were made in any instance. Countless examples might be produced in contemporary volumes in which what appears to be an *r* in one copy of a book is plainly a *t* in another. — The correction in the text was suggested by Zachary Jackson.

p. 264. "—— but a greater soldier than he *you wot on*": — i. e., you know of. The folio has, "you wot *one*," which most editors retain. But see the Note on "my gloves are on," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Sc. 1.

p. 265. "—— he might have *broiled* and eaten him too": — The folio has, "have *boiled*," &c.; but as a carbonado is not boiled, but broiled, Pope's correction is justified.

" "—— and *soile* the porter of Rome gates by th' ears": — i. e., as we say, lug him by the ears, drag him violently. Tyrwhitt quoted in illustration the following passage from the Strafford Letters, Vol. II. p. 149: "A lieutenant soled him well by the ears, and drew him by the hair about the room."

p. 266. "—— whilst he's in *directitude*": — Not improbably a misprint for 'discreditude' (as Malone conjectured) or 'dejectitude,' which was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "*This peace is nothing*," &c.: — Steevens thought that Shakespeare probably wrote, "This peace is *good for* nothing." Mr. Dyce suggests that he wrote, "is *worth* nothing."

" "—— it's sprightly, *waking*, audible, and full of *vent*": — The folio misprints, "It's sprightly *walking*," &c. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "full of *vaunt*," quite needlessly. The Servant thinks war, as Curtius thought the chasm in the forum, "a fine opening for a young Roman."

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p. 266. "—— than *wars* a destroyer of men": — This has by some editors been changed to "than *war's*," i. e., than war is a destroyer, &c. But the next speech, "as *wars* in some sort may be said to be *a ravisher*," shows that the old text is right. So *Falstaff* — "*Is* there not *wars?* is there not employment?" 2 *Henry IV.*, Act I. Sc. 2.

Scene VI.

p. 267. "*His remedies are tame. The present peace*": — This passage appears thus in the folio: —

> "We heare not of him, neither need we fear him,
> His remedies are tame, the present peace,
> And quietneſſe of the people, which before
> Were in wilde hurry. Heere do *we* make his Friends
> Blush, that the world goes well," &c.

Here something is manifestly wrong. Theobald, who has been followed hitherto, inserted *i'* in the second line reading "*i'* the present peace." I think it more in keeping with the purport of the passage, and far better for its rhythm, to strike out *we* in the fourth line, where it not only breaks down an already well-laden verse, but substitutes a feeble and unnatural thought for one forcible and natural. It was in the "peace and quietness of the people" that the Tribunes had their supposed triumph over the Patricians, who had hoped to see "dissentious numbers pestering the streets," but whom this peace and quietness forced to blush that the world went well. This is entirely lost if the Tribunes are made to say that *they* make *Coriolanus'* friends blush. The rhythm of the first two lines is also much more Shakespearian with a full pause after "tame." This play is very carelessly printed in the folio; and I believe that 'we' crept in merely by the erroneous supposition of a printer that a new sentence began at "Heere," and that a nominative was consequently required for "make." — Mason would have read, "His remedies are *lame i'* the present peace;" and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "His remedies are tame *by* the present peace."

" "*Hail, sir!*" — As *Menenius* replies, "Hail to you both!" and two syllables would make a perfect verse, perhaps *Brutus* should also be made to repeat this salutation.

p. 269. "—— some news is *come*": — The folio has, "is *comming;*" the participial termination having quite surely been caught, as Mr. Dyce suggests, from the last word of the line above. The general reading is, "is *come in.*"

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p. 270. "*God* Marcius": — The folio has, "*Good* Marcius;" and it is with some hesitation that I accept the reading of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632; although Mr. Collier cites, "He [Coriolanus] is their god," Act IV. Sc. 6, of this play, and Mr. Dyce, "Yet *god* Achilles still cries, 'Excellent!'" *Troilus and Cressida*, Act I. Sc. 3, in support of it.

" "—— can no more *atone*": — i. e., agree, be at one. See the Note on "Atone together," *As You Like It*, Act V. Sc. 4, p. 384.

p. 271. "All the *legions*": — The folio has, "All the *Regions;*" but, considering the context, "*smilingly* revolt," "*valiant* ignorance," and "constant *fools*," and that the folio has twice elsewhere the misprint 'regions' for 'legions,' I have little hesitation in accepting the reading of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 272. "—— *you have* crafted fair": — Here and in the next line 'you have' is to be read as 'you've,' and perhaps should be so printed.

Scene VII.

p. 275. "*By sovereignty of nature*": — It was formerly supposed that the osprey had a power over fish akin to that which some snakes are said to have over birds. See the following passage quoted by Steevens from *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594: —

> "I will provide thee of a princely osprey,
> That as she flieth over fish in pools,
> The fish shall turn their glistering bellies up,
> And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all."

" "—— *but he has a merit*": — Two half lines, or more, have quite surely been lost before these words

> " So our virtue
> Lies in the interpretation of the time;
> And power, unto itself most commendable,
> Hath not a tomb so evident *as a chair*
> *To extol* what it hath done."

Aufidius is impressing upon his hearers the consequences of *Coriolanus*' inflexible, impracticable nature. He tells them that our virtue, i. e., our moral power, lies in our appreciation of the time, our apprehension and mastery of the situation in which we are placed; and he adds, as a corollary, that power, arrogant of commendation, has not so sure, so manifest a grave, as the seat of authority to which its deeds have raised it, and which its overween-

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ing egotism is likely to use in such a manner as to alienate those to whom it owes its elevation. There is not a comparison between a tomb and a *chair*, but a likening of "a chair to extol," &c., to a tomb. The allusion is to the curule chair, which is very properly made a symbol of power in the state, as in the time of Coriolanus the right of sitting in it belonged to consuls, prætors, ædiles, flamens, and, of course, to dictators. Shakespeare had read in *North's Plutarch*, "There the Consul Cominius, going up into his chayer of state in the presence of the army," &c., p. 242, ed. 1579.

I was once of the opinion that Shakespeare meant *Aufidius* to utter a thought similar to that which is expressed by *Bertram* in "*All's Well that Ends Well*," Act I. Sc. 2, —

> "His good remembrance, sir,
> Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
> So in approof lives not his epitaph
> As in your royal speech," —

and therefore conjectured that we should read, "Hath not a tomb so *eloquent* as a *cheer*;" and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, the latter word was found, but with the then incongruous "evident" left unchanged. This reading, however, although consistent with itself and appropriate to the occasion, is incongruous with the larger purpose of the speech, which is clearly indicated in the two lines ending "strengths by strengths do fail." — The folio reads, "So our virtue *lie* in the interpretation," &c.

p. 275. "Rights by rights *falter*": — The folio has, "Rights by rights *fouler*." — I accept here, though not with entire confidence, Mr. Dyce's emendation as the best of the many that have been proposed for this passage. The extreme corruption of this play warrants, in fact requires, unusual freedom of conjecture in regulating the text. Rowe read, "*Right's* by *right* fouler;" Warburton, "*Right's* by *right fouled*" — from *fouler*, Fr. = to trample under foot; Malone read, "Rights by rights *founder*;" Ritson proposed, "Rights by rights *foul are*;" and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "Rights by rights *suffer*."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

p. 276. "When it was *least* expected": — The folio has, "*lesse* [leſſe] expected" — an easy misprint when *least* was often spelled *leste*; and I have little hesitation in adopting the reading of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 278. "—— *I* shall ere long have knowledge," &c.: — Mason

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plausibly proposed, "*You* shall," &c., which reading was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 278. "*Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions*": — This passage is incomprehensible. None of the many explanations or emendations proposed for it (the more important of which are to be found in the Variorum of 1821) appear worthy of attention. I believe that a line has been lost, or perhaps two, after "what he would not."

" "Unless *in's* noble mother": — The folio has, "Unless *his* noble mother," which has been hitherto retained, with the explanation that 'unless' here means 'except in.' But such a use of 'unless' is unparalleled, and, what is of more consequence, absurd. The reading of the text was suggested to Steevens; and it is so appropriate and so natural, the contraction is so much in the style of this play, and the supposed misprint so easy, that I accept it with little doubt.

Scene II.

p. 279. "Thy general is my *lover*": — i. e., my dear friend — a common use of the word of old.

" "For I have ever *magnified* my friend": — The folio, "For I have ever *verified*," &c., which senseless reading seems to be the result either of a looking to 'verity' at the end of the next line to assist in deciphering obscure manuscript, or of an anticipative remembrance of that word by a compositor who undertook to set the whole clause from a single reading. 'Amplified' in the previous clause, and 'all the size' in this, seem to me to fully justify the change of 'verified' to 'magnified,' which was made in Hanmer's edition and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "—— upon a *subtle* ground": — 'Subtle' is here used in its radical sense, 'smooth.'

p. 280. "Have almost *stamp'd the leasing*": — i. e., says Henley, have almost given the lie such a sanction as to render it current. Leasing = lying.

" "—— the *easy* groans of old women": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 plausibly has, "the *queasy* groans," &c., and just below, "a decay'd *dotard*."

p. 281. "Guess but [*by*] my entertainment": — 'By,' omitted in the folio, was supplied by Malone.

" "—— I have been blown out of *our* gates with sighs": — The folio, "out of *your* gates," &c., which

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seems quite surely wrong. The folio of 1685 first read, "our gates."

p. 281. "Ingrate forgetfulness shall *poison*": — Theobald, not very happily, read, "shall *prison*." Although the old text may be accepted as meaning, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison the memory of our old friendship, it must yet be admitted that this accords ill with the alternative clause of the sentence, "rather than pity *note how much*," and it is not improbable that 'poison' is a corruption.

p. 282. "—— how we are *shent*": — Here 'shent' means rebuked, scolded. It meant shameful or rough treatment of any kind, sometimes implying blows, but oftener hard words only.

SCENE III.

p. 284. "Then let the pebbles on the *hungry* beach": — Steevens explained "hungry beach" as sterile, unprolific beach, or as meaning hungry for shipwrecks. But I must avow that I see no fitness (especially none of the Shakespearian kind) in the epithet as thus explained. Malone merely mentions that he "idly conjectured" that Shakespeare wrote, "the *angry* beach." But the context, "your *corrected* son" and "the *mutinous* winds," seems to me to give almost sufficient support to this conjecture to warrant its reception into the text. Were I to print a Shakespeare for myself, I should print, "*angry* beach;" the beach angered by the lashing of the waves.

p. 285. "I *holp* to frame thee": — i. e., did help. The folio has, "I *hope*," &c., which Rowe corrected.

" "You gods I *prate*": — The folio misprints, "I *pray*," which Theobald corrected.

p. 286. "That if *you* fail in our request": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, very plausibly, "That if *we* fail," &c.

" "*Should we be silent*": — This speech is remarkable for its conformity to the corresponding passage of North's Plutarch: "If we helde our peace (my sonne) and determined not to speake, the state of our poore bodies, and present sight of our rayment, would easely bewray to thee what life we haue led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad. But thinke now with thy selfe, howe much more unfortunately than all the women liuinge we are come hether, considering that the sight which should be most pleasaunt to all other to beholde, spitefull fortune hath made most fearfull to us: making my selfe to see my sonne, and my daughter here, her husband, besieging the walles of his natiue countrie. So as that

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which is the only comfort to all other in their adversitie and miserie, to pray unto the goddes, and to call to them for aide, is the onely thinge which plongeth us into most deep perplexitie. For we cannot (alas) together pray, both for victorie, for our countrie, and for safety of thy life also: but a worlde of grievous curses, yea more than any mortall enemie can heape uppon us, are forcibly wrapt up in our prayers. For the bitter soppe of most hard choyce is offered thy wife and children, to foregoe the one of the two: either to lose the persone of thy selfe, or the nurse of their natiue countrie. For my selfe (my sonne) I am determined not to tarrie, till fortune in my life doe make an ende of this warre. For if I cannot persuade thee, rather to doe good unto both parties, then to ouerthrowe and destroye the one, preferring loue and nature before the malice and calamitie of warres; thou shalt see, my sonne, and trust unto it, thou shalt no soner marche forward to assault thy countrie, but thy foote shall tread upon thy mother's wombe, that brought thee first into this world." p. 256, ed. 1579.

p. 288. "—— the *fine* strains of honour": — The folio has, "the *fiue* strains" — a misprint hardly worth notice. The same may be said of the misprint "*change*" for 'charge' in the third line below.

" "His wife is in Corioli, and *this* child": — The folio, by an error almost obvious, "and *his* child." *His* child could not have been like him by chance. 'His' was caught from the line above.

p. 289. "—— a *firmer* fortune": — The folio has, "a *former* fortune" — clearly a trifling misprint, as *Aufidius* does not say, '*my* former fortune;' which, even if such were the text, would be a less appropriate reading. The correction was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "But we will *drink* together": — Though I cannot accept Farmer's proposition to read, "*think* together," and have no better word to propose, I cannot but believe that 'drink,' addressed to *Volumnia* and *Virgilia*, is a corruption.

Scene V.

In the folio this play is divided into Acts, but not into Scenes; and here there is only the stage direction, "*Enter two Senators with Ladies, passing over the stage with other Lords.*" Hitherto this Scene has been made a part of Scene IV.: but there is manifestly a change of place. According to the folio, all the speakers in the former Scene *exeunt* after *Sicinius'* last speech; and this Scene

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is supposed to take place near a gate of the city, as the Ladies enter it.

SCENE VI.

p. 294. "—— which he did *end* all his": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "which he did *ear* [i. e., plough] all his;" and this has been received with favor, though it is admitted that it makes a transposition necessary, and requires us to read, —

"holp to *ear* the fame
Which he did *reap* all his."

But there is not the least necessity for this violence to the original text. *Aufidius* helped to reap the fame which *Coriolanus* made, in the end, all his.

" "He *waged* me with his countenance": — i. e., he *paid* me, &c.; gave me his countenance as wages.

p. 297. "*No more*": — i. e., as Mason remarked, No more than a boy.

" "*Flutter'd* your Volsces": — It is hardly worth while to mention that the folio misprints, "*Flatter'd*," &c.

" "—— do it *presently*": — i. e., instantly, at the present moment. The change in the meaning of this word — which, used always as it is here in Shakespeare's day, is now universally used to mean a time between on the instant and by and by — seems to indicate that procrastination is inherent in man.

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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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"The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*. As it hath sundry times beene playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the Lorde Chamberlaine theyr Seruants. AT LONDON, Printed by I. R. for Edward White, and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the little North doore of Paules, at the signe of the Gun." 1600. 4to. 40 leaves.

The Same. "As it hath sundry times beene plaide by the Kings Maiesties Seruants." London, 1611. 4to. 40 leaves.

The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus occupies twenty-two pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 31 to p. 52 inclusive, in the division of Tragedies. It is divided into Acts, but not into Scenes · and Rowe first gave it a list of Dramatis Personæ.

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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

INTRODUCTION.

ABOUT the year 1678 Edward Ravenscroft produced a revised and rewritten version of this play. In 1687 this version was printed with a preface, in which Ravenscroft says, touching Shakespeare's reputed authorship of the drama in its original form, "I have been told by some anciently conversant with the stage that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters." Upon this assertion, supported by the date at which *Titus Andronicus* is known to have been written, and its inferiority both in matter and style to Shakespeare's undoubted works, rested for many years a belief that it was not his. This was the opinion of Theobald, Johnson, Farmer, Malone, and Steevens, and also of Hallam, who was, doubtless, justified in remarking that "*Titus Andronicus* is now [1837] by common consent denied to be in any sense a production of Shakespeare." (*Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, Vol. II. p. 177, ed. 1847.) Mr. Knight, in the same spirit which marked his treatment of the question of the authorship of *King Henry the Sixth*, and with his accustomed enthusiasm, came forward in 1841 to maintain that, on the contrary, *Titus Andronicus* is, in every sense of the word, the work of Shakespeare. Mr. Collier, who differed from him upon so many other points, agreed with him on this; and the general opinion, following their guidance, seems now to be nearly, if not quite, the reverse of what it was when Hallam wrote. But ere we go with the multitude either of the past or the present day, let us examine the evidence for ourselves. The task will be a brief one.

Although at least three editions of *Titus Andronicus* had been printed before 1623, it was not published as Shakespeare's until it appeared as a part of the first collected edition of his works; in which respect it is like *Romeo and Juliet* and *Henry the Fifth*.

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The earlier quarto editions also of *Richard the Second* and the First Part of *King Henry the Fourth* were published without the author's name; so that this negative evidence is of no consequence whatever. But in the first folio *Titus Andronicus* was published as one of Mr. William Shakespeare's Tragedies by his friends and fellow-actors; and his well-informed contemporary and probable acquaintance, Francis Meres, in *Palladis Tamia*, published in 1598, cites *Titus Andronicus* with *Richard the Second*, *Richard the Third*, *Henry the Fourth*, *King John*, and *Romeo and Juliet* in support of his opinion that Shakespeare was the "most excellent" English dramatist in Tragedy as well as Comedy. Such evidence as this outweighs all the vague surmises that Ravenscroft might magnify into tradition; and we shall trouble ourselves no more with his story of the "private author."

This is all the external evidence in the case, except that which is afforded by the title-pages of the quarto editions. That of the earliest copy known to exist (1600) announces the play as having been performed by the Lord Chamberlain's Servants, (Shakespeare's company,) as well as by the Earl of Pembroke's, the Earl of Derby's, and the Earl of Sussex's: that of the next in date (1611) announces it only as sundry times played by the King's Majestie's Servants, (the style of Shakespeare's company at that time;) so that from these title-pages we can only gather that this play might originally have been written by Shakespeare, and that afterwards it probably became the exclusive property of the company with which he was connected, or was, at least, regarded as such.

The internal evidence leaves us in the same position in which we are as to the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*: that is, each reader has his own right of private judgment; for there is no existing dramatic work upon which Shakespeare could have founded this tragedy, or which can support the claim of any other writer to its authorship in whole or in part, or guide us in forming an opinion as to what is and what is not his. It is admitted by all, however, and will probably never be denied, that *Titus Andronicus* has very much less merit than any other play (except perhaps the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*) that received the imprimatur of Heminge & Condell; and readers who are at all acquainted with the dramatic literature of the early Elizabethan period cannot fail to observe that in spirit, in construction, and in rhythm, if not in diction, this tragedy is more in the manner of Shakespeare's immediate predecessors

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than in his own, as it appears in any of his undoubted works. Had we the same testimony as to Greene's or Marlowe's authorship of this play that we have as to Shakespeare's, we should all accept it without a question, and, comparatively poor as the horrible composition is, pass a considerable accession of fame to the credit of the reputed writer. Apparently there is direct discrepancy between the external and the internal evidence in the case. Testimony cries one way; but, in the words of Hallam upon a similar question, "*res ipsa per se vociferatur*" to the contrary.

Is this discrepancy irreconcilable? — a question that brings us to the last two points of external evidence concerning the play. The first of these is, that Ben Jonson says in the Induction to his *Bartholomew Fair*, "Hee that will sweare *Ieronimo*, or *Andronicus* are the best playes, yet, shall passe vnexcepted at, heere, as a man whose Iudgment shewes it is constant, and hath stood still, these fiue and twentie or thirtie yeeres." *Bartholomew Fair* was first acted in 1614; and this, construed rigidly, carries back the production of *Titus Andronicus* to between 1584 and 1589. But, as Ben's purpose was to cast the slur of 'old-fogyism' upon the two plays that he names, it is safe to allow a little for malicious exaggeration, and to assume the latter date as very nearly that at which *Titus Andronicus* was produced. Now, if Shakespeare wrote any dramatic poetry at that date, it is to be supposed (for reasons which have been given in the Essay on the Authorship of *King Henry the Sixth*, Vol. VII. p. 463, and which need not be repeated here) that he would write it as nearly as possible in the style of the dramatists whose plays were then most in vogue — Greene and Marlowe. Especially would this be the case in a work on which he was a colaborer with them: — a conclusion which bears directly upon the last point of our external evidence. We know that Greene wrote much, and Marlowe somewhat, for the company called the Earl of Pembroke's Servants; and, as we have seen, the title-page of the earliest quarto edition known records the performance of this play by that company, as well as by the Lord Chamberlain's (to which Shakespeare belonged) and two others. But there was an earlier quarto edition; and, although it seems to have perished, a copy of it was seen by Gerard Langbaine, who, in his *Account of the Early English Dramatick Poets*, (London, 1691,) says (p. 464) that it "was first printed 4°. *Lond.* 1594, and acted by the Earls of *Derby*, *Pembroke*, and *Essex*, their

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Servants." This date is sustained by the entry of the play for publication on the Stationer's Register, February 6, 1593. (See the Variorum of 1821, Vol. II. p. 634.) Now, it is especially noteworthy that on the title-page of this earliest edition of the play there should be no mention of its having been performed by the Lord Chamberlain's company, which did play it before the date of the next edition, 1600, and to which it, as well as its reputed author, seems to have afterwards exclusively belonged.

This is, I believe, all the evidence in the case. Does it, in connection with the great resemblance in style between certain passages of this play and the works of Greene and Marlowe, and the superiority of other passages to the poetry of either of those authors, warrant the opinion that *Titus Andronicus* was written, about 1587–1589, by Greene, Marlowe, and Shakespeare together for the Earl of Pembroke's and perhaps other companies, and that (popular as we know it was) the Lord Chamberlain's Servants afterwards secured it, as well as the services of the youngest of its authors, exclusively for themselves, and that he subjected it to the same revision which, under like circumstances, he gave to the earlier versions of *King Henry the Sixth*? In my judgment this opinion is supported by all that we know upon the subject; and, should a copy of the quarto of 1594 ever be discovered, I should not be surprised to find its text bear somewhat the same relation to that of the folio that exists between the earlier and the later versions of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*. The classical allusions with which this tragedy abounds might have been easily furnished by scholars of far less reading than Greene and Marlowe, and are not too much to expect from the young author of *Venus and Adonis* and the *Rape of Lucrece*, who might have found all the classical knowledge displayed in it (except the few scraps of Latin) in Golding's *Ovid* and Seneca's *Ten Tragedies* — two books with which he appears to have been intimately acquainted.*

* Without presuming to parcel out this play to the authors whom I suppose to have been engaged upon it, I venture (though with some hesitation and a full appreciation of the difficulty of forming an opinion upon the subject worthy of attention) to indicate the latter part (about half) of Scene 2, Act I., the whole of Scenes 1 and 2, Act II., and the greater part of Scene 2, Act IV., as originally the work of Greene: to Marlowe I attribute the choice of the plot and the incidents, with the writing of Scene 4, Act IV., and nearly all of Act V. in its original form: and it seems to me that in the first part of Scene 2, Act I., in Scenes 3 and 5, Act II., throughout Act III., we may clearly trace the hand of Shakespeare. There are few readers of discrimination, I think,

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An old story, of yet unknown origin, furnished the plot of this monstrous tragedy. A ballad originally entitled *A Noble Roman History of Titus Andronicus*, which was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in 1593, and which will be found in the first volume of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* as *The Complaint of Titus Andronicus*, seems to me to be very clearly not the foundation of the play, but to be founded upon it. Throughout the ballad there is evident effort to compress all the incidents of the story within as brief a relation as possible; and this is not the style of a ballad written for the ballad's sake.

The period of the action seems indefinable. It may be placed at almost any time during the decadence of the Roman Empire.

The text exists in remarkable purity in all the old editions. Save a few misplaced or omitted prefixes, there are no corruptions of much importance. The folio is followed in this edition, the quartos being looked to only as auxiliaries. It contains an entire Scene (Sc. 3 of Act III.) which is not found in them — a fact which sustains the authority of Heminge & Condell to publish the tragedy as Shakespeare's. It has been suggested that this Scene was written by another hand than the one which produced the rest of the tragedy. However this may be, I believe that that hand was Shakespeare's, whose peculiar flow of thought and rhythm is very noticeable in the Scene in question. But they are to be found in as marked a degree elsewhere in the play; and there seems to be no sufficient reason for doubting that this Scene was part and parcel of *Titus Andronicus* as it was first produced by the Lord Chamberlain's Servants.

who would attribute such lines as the following to any other pen than his: —

> "In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
> Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
> Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
> Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
> Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,
> No noise, but silence and eternal sleep." 'Act I. Sc. 2.

It is noteworthy that in this play (Act IV. Sc. 2, p. 396) we find an instance of the idiom 'for to,' which Greene used so freely, and which Shakespeare and Marlowe so carefully avoided; and one of 'when-as,' (Act IV. Sc. 4, p. 408,) which occurs often in the works of both Greene and Marlowe, but never, I believe, in any undoubted play of Shakespeare's. It is also worthy of observation that the three or four instances of similarity of expression between this play and other works bearing Shakespeare's name connect it only with *Venus and Adonis*, his earliest poem, and with the First Part of *Henry the Sixth* and *The Taming of the Shrew* — two plays in which Shakespeare has but a part interest; sharing again with Greene and Marlowe, almost without a doubt.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late* Emperor of Rome, *and afterwards declared* Emperor.
BASSIANUS, *Brother to* Saturninus; *in love with* Lavinia.
TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths.*
MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to* Titus.
LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS, } *Sons to* Titus Andronicus.
YOUNG LUCIUS, *a Boy, Son to* Lucius.
PUBLIUS, *Son to* Marcus *the Tribune.*
ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*
ALARBUS,
DEMETRIUS,
CHIRON, } *Sons to* Tamora.
AARON, *a Moor, beloved by* Tamora.
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, *and* Clown; Romans.
Goths *and* Romans.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*
LAVINIA, *Daughter to* Titus Andronicus.
A Nurse, *and a* Black Child.

Kinsmen *of* Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, *and* Attendants.

SCENE: Rome, *and the Country near it.*

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THE LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY OF

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. Before the Capitol.

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes *and* Senators *aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below,* SATURNINUS *and his* Followers, *on one side; and* BASSIANUS *and his* Followers, *on the other; with drum and colours.*

SATURNINUS.

NOBLE patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome:
Then, let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bassianus. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach

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Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility,
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *aloft, with the crown.*

Marcus. Princes, that strive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the Senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field:
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat, — by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and Senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore, —
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength:
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

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Sat. How fair the Tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,
And her, — to whom my thoughts are humbled all, —
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the* Followers *of* BASSIANUS.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the* Followers *of* SATURNINUS.

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee. —
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[SAT. *and* BAS. *go into the Capitol, and the* Tribunes *exeunt from above.*

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter a Captain *and* Others.

Captain. Romans, make way! The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,

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With honour, and with fortune, is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword.
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter MARTIUS *and* MUTIUS: *after them, two* Men *bearing a coffin covered with black; then* LUCIUS *and* QUINTUS. *After them,* TITUS ANDRONICUS; *and then* TAMORA, *with* ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, *and other* Goths, *prisoners;* Soldiers *and* People *following. The* Bearers *set down the coffin, and* TITUS *speaks.*

Titus. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears —
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied. yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx? —
Make way to lay them by their brethren.
[*The tomb is opened.*
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,

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And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Lucius. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tamora. Stay, Roman brethren! — Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my sons to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for King and Common-weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead; and for their brethren slain,

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Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS, *with* ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chiron. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Demetrius. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threat'ning looks.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was Queen,)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS, *with their swords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth naught but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;

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Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter LAVINIA.

Lavinia. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy,
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart! —
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Enter, below, MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, *attended.*

Mar. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords;
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed. —

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Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their Tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased Emperor's sons.
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
What! should I d'on this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day;
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all? —
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country.
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, canst thou tell? —

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right. —
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor. —
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to Hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

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Tit. Content thee, Prince: I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.
Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.
Tit. People of Rome, and noble Tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?
Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.
Tit. Tribunes, I thank you; and this suit I make,
That you create your Emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, — 'Long live our Emperor!'
Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great Emperor,
And say, — 'Long live our Emperor Saturnine!'
[*A long flourish.*
Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

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Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine, —
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor, — do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor; [*To* TAMORA.
To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew. —
Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths. —
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. — Romans, let us go.
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*Seizing* LAVINIA.

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Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest, then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd, withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts* TAMORA *in dumb show.*

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the Emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd! By whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* MARCUS *and* BASSIANUS, *with* LAVINIA.

Mutius. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy!
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [TITUS *kills* MUTIUS.

Mut. Help, Lucius, help!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou nor he are any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the Emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife;
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*

Sat. No, Titus, no; the Emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:

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I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.
Was [there] none [else] in Rome to make a stale
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword.
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods, —
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stand, —
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of Heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,

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She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair Queen, Pantheon. — Lords, accompany
Your noble Emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the Heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt* SATURNINUS *and his* Followers; TAMORA *and her* Sons; AARON *and* Goths.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Mar. O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish Tribune, no; no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family:
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes:
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you.
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him:
He must be buried with his brethren.

Martius. } And shall, or him we will accompany.
Quintus. }

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Tit. And shall! What villain was it spoke that word?

Quin. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Tit. What! would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself: let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[MARCUS *and the* Sons *of* TITUS *kneel.*

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead, —

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak, —

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul, —

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all, —

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax,
That slew himself, and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise. —
The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,
To be dishonoured by my sons in Rome! —
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They rise, and* MUTIUS *is put into the tomb.*

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Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!
All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that di'd in virtue's cause.
Mar. My lord, — to step out of these dreary dumps, —
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?
Tit. I know not, Marcus, but I know it is;
Whether by device or no, the Heavens can tell.
Is she not, then, beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Mar. Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, *attended;* TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and* AARON; *at the other side,* BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, *and* Others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!
Bas. And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.
Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.
Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all:
Meanwhile, I am possess'd of that is mine.
Sat. 'Tis good, sir: you are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.
Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life:
Only thus much I give your Grace to know, —
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

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This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd:
That in the rescue of Lavinia
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave.
Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'Tis thou, and those that have dishonoured me.
Rome and the righteous Heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord: the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonour you!
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs.
Then, at my suit look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart. —
[*Aside to* SAT.] My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,

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(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin),
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone.
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his trait'rous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain. —
[*Aloud.*] Come, come, sweet Emperor, — come, Andronicus, —
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise: my Empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your Majesty, and her, my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the Emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus; —
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you. —
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the Emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable. —
And fear not, lords, — and you Lavinia. —
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his Majesty.

[MARCUS, LAVINIA, *and the* Sons *of* TITUS *kneel.*

Luc. We do; and vow to Heaven, and to his Highness,
That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

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Sat. Away, and talk not: trouble us no more. —
Tam. Nay, nay, sweet Emperor, we must all be friends.
The Tribune and his nephews kneel for grace:
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.
Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
[*All rise.*
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I sware,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come; if the Emperor's Court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends. —
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.
Tit. To-morrow, an it please your Majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your grace *bonjour*.
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.
[*Trumpets.* *Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter AARON.

AARON.

NOW climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.

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As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora. —
Upon her will doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress;
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus ti'd to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made Empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwrack, and his commonweal's.
Hollo! what storm is this?

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *braving*.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou do'st over-ween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate;
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

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Aar. Clubs! clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy; grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*

Aar. Why, how now, lords!
So near the Emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonoured in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I; till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say!
Now by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all. —
Why, lords, — and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What! is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

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Young lords, beware! — an should the Empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.
Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.
Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice.
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.
Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.
Aar. To achieve her! — How?
Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the Emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.
Aar. [*Aside.*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.
Dem. Then, why should he despair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What! hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

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Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.
Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.
Aar. Would you had hit it too;
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye, — and are you such fools,
To square for this? Would it offend you, then,
[That both should speed?]
Chi. Faith, not me.
Dem. Nor me, so I were one.
Aar. For shame! be friends, and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must, perforce, accomplish as you may.
Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than ling'ring languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand:
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy.
Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come; our Empress, with her sacred wit,
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The Emperor's court is like the House of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears:

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The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns:
There serve your lust, shadow'd from Heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A Forest near Rome. Horns, and cry of hounds heard.

Enter Titus Andronicus, *with* Hunters, *&c.*, Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, *and* Martius.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green.
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the Prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

[*Horns wind a peal, and a cry of hounds heard.*

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Demetrius, Chiron, *and* Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your Majesty: —
Madam, to you as many and as good. —
I promised your Grace a hunter's peal.

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Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
Bas. Lavinia, how say you?
Lav. I say, no;
I have been [broad] awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on, then: horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport. — Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. [*To* TAMORA.
Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.
Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.
Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound;
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A desert Part of the Forest.

Enter AARON, *with a bag of gold.*

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
[*Hides the gold.*
That have their alms out of the Empress' chest.

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Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checquer'd shadow on the ground.
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise:
And after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine.
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
Even as an adder when she doth unrol
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,

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This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day:
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up I pray thee,
And give the King this fatal-plotted scroll. —
Now question me no more; we are espied:
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great Empress. Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS *and* LAVINIA.

Bas. Whom have we here? Rome's royal Empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop;
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle Empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, Queen, your swarth Cimmerian

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Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied [but] with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness! — I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love:
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The King, my brother, shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long,
Good king! to be so mightily abus'd.

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!
Why doth your Highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful misletoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,

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As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death:
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect;
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.
[*Stabs* BASSIANUS.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my strength. [*Also stabbing* BAS., *who dies.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis! — nay, barbarous Tamora;
For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard: you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her:
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting.

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Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure. —
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face, —

Tam. I will not hear her speak: away with her!

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee.
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou had'st thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:
Do thou entreat her shew a woman pity.
[*To* CHIRON.

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard, O, could I find it now!
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means. Away with her!

Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate. Open thy deaf ears.

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Tam. Had'st thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless. —
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will:
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora! be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place;
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long:
Poor I was slain when Bassianus di'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No; let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall —

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth. — Bring thou her husband: [*Dragging off* LAVINIA.
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.
[*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her sure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,

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Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Same.

Enter AARON, *with* QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espi'd the panther fast asleep.
Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.
Mart. And mine, I promise you: were't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.
[MARTIUS *falls into the pit.*
Quin. What! art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me: —
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mart. O brother! with the dismall'st object [hurt],
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.
Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the King to find them here;
That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.
[*Exit* AARON.
Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

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Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints:
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.
Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embruëd here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?
Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shews the ragged entrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.
Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

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Quin. Thy hand once more: I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Thou canst not come to me; I come to thee.
[*Falls in.*

Enter SATURNINUS *and* AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately did'st descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead! I know, thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, *with* Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS, *and* LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord, the King?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:
Poor Bassianus here lies murthered.

Tam. Then, all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*Giving a letter.*
The complot of this timeless tragedy;

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And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murtherous tyranny.

Sat. [Reads.] "*An if we miss to meet him handsomely,* —
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean, —
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."
O Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murther'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[*Showing it.*

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [*to* TITUS.] fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life. —
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What! are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murther is discovered!

Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed;
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them, —

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent. —
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,

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They shall be ready at your Highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow me.

Some bring the murther'd body, some the murtherers:
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the King:
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to walk with them. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE V.

The Same.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *with* LAVINIA, *ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou had'st hands to help thee knit the cord. [*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON.

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Horns heard. Enter MARCUS, *from hunting.*

Mar. Who's this, — my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word: where is your husband? —
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep! —
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches; those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me? —
Alas! a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath defloured thee,
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame;
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood, —
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts, —
Yet do thy cheeks look red, as Titan's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
O that I knew thy heart! and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind;
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee:
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

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That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life!
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — Rome. A Street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes, *and* Officers of Justice, *with* MARTIUS *and* QUINTUS, *bound, passing on to the place of execution;* TITUS *going before, pleading.*

TITUS.

HEAR me, grave fathers! noble Tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;

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Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed:
For these, [these,] Tribunes, in the dust I write
[*Throwing himself on the ground.*
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
[*Exeunt* Senators, Tribunes, *&c., with the* Prisoners.
O Earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In Summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;
In Winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, *with his sword drawn.*

O, reverend Tribunes! O, gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father! you lament in vain:
The Tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius! for thy brothers let me plead. —
Grave Tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no Tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
And bootless, unto them.

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Therefore, I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale. [*Rising.*
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me:
And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death;
For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banished!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her. —
Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand

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Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds. —
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain,
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other. —
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome service are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone,
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man,

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And here my brother, weeping at my woes;
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul. —
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me; what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost withered.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband;
Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them. —
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes. —
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd, like meadows yet not dry,
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shews
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,

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Plot some device of farther misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for at your grief,
See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece! — Good Titus, dry thine eyes!

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia! I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs.
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the Emperor
Sends thee this word, — that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the King: he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious Emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the Emperor my hand.
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn.

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My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O, none of both but are of high desert.
My hand hath been but idle: let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then, have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By Heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS *and* MARCUS.

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. [*Aside.*] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so: —
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*He cuts off* TITUS's *hand.*

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Enter LUCIUS *and* MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife: what shall be, is dispatch'd. —
Good Aaron, give his Majesty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers. Bid him bury it:
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee. —
[*Aside.*] Their heads, I mean. — O, how this villainy
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to Heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the Earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call. — What! wilt thou kneel with me?
[*To* LAVINIA.
Do then, dear heart; for Heaven shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O, brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then, be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?

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If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then, must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then, must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd.
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then, give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, *with two heads and a hand.*

Messenger. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back:
Thy griefs, their sports; thy resolution mock'd;
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*

Mar. Now, let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe.
[LAVINIA *kisses him.*

Mar. Alas, poor heart! that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

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Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus.
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control my griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my wat'ry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then, which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do. —
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs. —
The vow is made. — Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear:
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these aims;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight:
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:

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Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.
[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, *and* LAVINIA.

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The wofull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome.
Farewell, proud Rome: till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine and his Empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his Queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in TITUS's House. A Banquet set out.

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, *and young* LUCIUS, *a boy.*

Tit. So, so, now sit; and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
Who when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,

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Then, thus I thump it down. —
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs,
[*To* LAVINIA.
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah! wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands?
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still, that we have none.
Fie, fie! how franticly I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands. —
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this. —
Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she says;
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs:
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, mash'd upon her cheeks. —
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,

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But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.
Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.
Mar. Alas! the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.
Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away. —
[MARCUS *strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with [thy] knife?
Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord — a fly.
Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.
Mar. Alas! my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.
Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother,
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly!
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.
Mar. Pardon me, sir: it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore, I kill'd him.
Tit. O, O, O!
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give my thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor

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Come hither purposely to poison me. —
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora. Ah, sirrah! —
Yet I think we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away. — Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old. —
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — The Same. Before TITUS's House.

Enter TITUS *and* MARCUS. *Then enter* young LUCIUS, *with books, which he drops,* LAVINIA *running after him.*

Boy.

HELP, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why. —
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius: do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

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Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: — somewhat doth she mean.

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy! Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.

Mar. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit, or frenzy, do possess her;
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,
Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt;
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[LAVINIA *turns over the books which* LUCIUS *had let fall.*

Tit. How now, Lavinia! — Marcus, what means this?

Some book there is that she desires to see. —
Which is it, girl, of these? — Open them, boy. —
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the Heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed. —

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What book?
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?
Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact. — Ay, more there was;
Or else to Heaven she heaves them to revenge.
Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?
Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses:
My mother gave it me.
Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.
Tit. Soft! so busily she turns the leaves!
Help her: what would she find? — Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Mar. See, brother, see! note, how she quotes the leaves.
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods? —
See, see! —
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murthers, and for rapes.
Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?
Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

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Mar. Sit down, sweet niece: — brother, sit down by me. —
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find! —
My lord, look here; — look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me [when] I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth.*
Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift! —
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge.
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!
[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*
Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum — Chiron — Demetrius.
Mar. What, what! — the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?
Tit. *Magni dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?
Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord, although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel,
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope,
And swear with me, — as with the woful feere,
And father, of that chaste, dishonoured dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape, —
That we will prosecute, by good advice,

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Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how;
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake, and if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back;
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman: Marcus, let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by. The angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then? — Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee: and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both.
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come. — Marcus, look to my house:
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the Court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, *and* Boy.

Mar. O Heavens! can you hear a good man groan,

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And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge. —
Revenge, ye Heavens, for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter AARON, DEMETRIUS, *and* CHIRON, *at one door, at another door,* young LUCIUS, *and an* Attendant, *with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus; —
[*Aside.*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius. What's the news?

Boy. [*Aside.*] [That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,]
For villains mark'd with rape. [*To them.*] May it please you,
My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say,
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,

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You may be armed and appointed well.
And so I leave you both, [*aside.*] like bloody villains. [*Exeunt* Boy *and* Attendant.

Dem. What's here? A scroll, and written round about?
Let's see;
Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.

Chi. O! 'tis a verse in Horace. I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just! — a verse in Horace; — right, you have it.
[*Aside.*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no fond jest! the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick;
But were our witty Empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest a while. —
[*To them.*] And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the Tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

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Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over. [*Trumpets sound.*

Dem. Why do the Emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the Emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, *with a black-a-moor Child in her arms.*

Nurse. Good morrow, lords. O, tell me, did you see
Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron! we are all undone.
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from Heaven's eye,
Our Empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace. —
She is delivered, lords; she is delivered.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean she's brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she's the Devil's dam: a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad

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Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loath'd choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.

Aar. What! must it, nurse? then let no man but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point.
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the* Nurse, *and draws.*
Stay, murtherous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,

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In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the Empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.
Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart:
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer.
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father
As who should say, 'Old lad, I am thine own.'
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And from that womb where you imprison'd were
He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the Empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

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My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety.
[*They sit.*

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords: when we join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms. —
But say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife and myself;
And no one else but the delivered Empress.

Aar. The Empress, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away.
Go to the Empress; tell her, this I said. —
[*Stabbing her: she screams.*
Weke, weke! — so cries a pig, prepared to th' spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore did'st thou this?

Aar. O lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy.
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muli lives, my countryman;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed.
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the Emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords: ye see, I have given her physic,
[*Pointing to the* Nurse.

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And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me:
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt* DEM. *and* CHI. *bearing off the* Nurse.

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the Empress' friends. —
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave; I'll bear you hence,
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[*Exit with the* Child.

SCENE III.

The Same. A Public Place.

Enter TITUS, *bearing arrows, with letters on the ends of them; with him* MARCUS, young LUCIUS, *and other* Gentlemen, *with bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come. — Kinsmen, this is the way. —
Sir boy, let me see your archery:
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
Terras Astræa reliquit:

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Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happely you may find her in the sea,
Yet there's as little justice as at land. —
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome. —
Ah, Rome! — Well, well; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me. —
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd:
This wicked Emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Publius. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night t' attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters! What!
Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,

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If you will have revenge from Hell, you shall.
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks with Jove in Heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels. —
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size,
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear:
And, sith there's no justice in Earth nor Hell,
We will solicit Heaven, and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.
[*He gives them the arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that's for you: — here, *ad Apollinem*: —
Ad Martem, that's for myself: —
Here, boy, to Pallas: — here, to Mercury:
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;
You were as good to shoot against the wind. —
To it, boy: Marcus, loose, when I bid.
Of my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the Emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!
Good boy, in Virgo's lap: give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon:
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see! thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

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Mar. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the Empress' villain.
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lordship joy.

Enter the Clown, *with a basket and two pigeons.*

News! news from Heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clown. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir! I know not Jupiter: I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from Heaven?

Clo. From Heaven? alas, sir! I never came there. God forbid, I should be so bold to press to Heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the Tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the Emperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the Emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the Emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

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Tit. Sirrah, come hither. Make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the Emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold: — mean while, here's money for thy charges.
Give me pen and ink. —
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it. —
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant. —
And when thou hast given it to the Emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. — Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, Lords, *and* Others: Saturninus *carrying the arrows that* Titus *shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! Was ever seen
An Emperor of Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent

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Of egal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, [as do] the mightful gods,
(However these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears) there naught hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to Heaven for his redress:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war;
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. — [*Aside.*] Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick;

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My life-blood on't. If Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port. —

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! would'st thou speak with us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be Emperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he. — God and Saint Stephen give you good den. I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [SATURNINUS *reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah; you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds.
May this be borne? — as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murther of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully. —
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair:
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege. —
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmilius. Arm, my lords! Rome never had more cause.
The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct

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Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begins our sorrows to approach.
'Tis he the common people love so much:
My self hath often heard them say,
When I have walked like a private man,
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou Emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will;
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear

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With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue. —
Go thou before, be our embassador: [*To* ÆMILIUS.
Say that the Emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
[Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.]

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.
[*Exit* ÆMILIUS.

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet Emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — Plains near Rome.

Enter LUCIUS, *and an* Army of Goths, *with drum and colours.*

LUCIUS.

APPROVED warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their Emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,

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Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, *leading* AARON, *with his* Child *in his arms.*

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse: —
"Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!" — even thus he rates the babe, —
"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;

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Who, when he knows thou art the Empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the pearl that pleas'd your Empress' eye,
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust. —
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? not a word?
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good. —
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder is brought, which* AARON *ascends.*

Aar. Lucius, save the child;
And bear it from me to the Empress.
If thou do this, I'll shew thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; but vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; an if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murthers, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies

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Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind: I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Whom should I swear by? thou believ'st no god:
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not, as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath: — for that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears,
To that I'll urge him. — Therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up,
Or else I will discover naught to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the Empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut! Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murther'd Bassianus:
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

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Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.
Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!
Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set:
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the Queen and her two sons;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the Empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.
Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush!
Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.
Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?
Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse)
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:

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As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrow almost was forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
"Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."
Tut! I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in Hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius! what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman Emperor greets you all by me:

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And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1 *Goth.* What says our General?

Luc. Æmilius, let the Emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. — March! away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome. Before TITUS's House.

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, *and* CHIRON, *disguised.*

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs. —
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge:
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

TITUS *appears at a door above.*

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down,
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word. How can I grace my talk,

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Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empress, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora:
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
I am Revenge; sent from th' infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murther and of death.
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murther or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murther stands;
Now, give some 'surance that thou art Revenge:
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels,
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,

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And whirl along with thee about the globe.
Provide thee two proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murtherers in their guilty caves:
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea:
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murther there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murther; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord! how like the Empress' sons they are!
And you, the Empress: but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge! now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit* TITUS.

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius his son,
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies. —
See! here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

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Enter TITUS, *below.*

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house: —
Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too. —
How like the Empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor: —
Could not all Hell afford you such a devil?
For, well I wot, the Empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And would you represent our Queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil.
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Shew me a murtherer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murther, stab him: he's a murtherer. —
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him: he is a ravisher. —
Go thou with them; and in the Emperor's Court
There is a Queen, attended by a Moor:
Well may'st thou know her by thine own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us: this shall we do.

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But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the Empress and her sons,
The Emperor himself, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother! — 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
Tell him the Emperor, and the Empress too,
Feasts at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murther stay with me,
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*Aside to them.*] What say you, boys? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my Lord the Emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him, till I turn again.

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Tit. [*Aside.*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam.

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou do'st; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut! I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS *and* Others.

Pub. What's your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The Empress' sons
I take them; Chiron, Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murther, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it: therefore, bind them sure;
[And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.]

[*Exit* TITUS.—PUBLIUS, *&c., seize* CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS.

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the Empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

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Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* LAVINIA; *she bearing a bason, and he a knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound. —
Sirs, stop their mouths; let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter. —
O villains! Chiron and Demetrius,
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;
This goodly Summer with your Winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The bason that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad. —
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the Earth, swallow her [own] increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,

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And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd.
And now prepare your throats. — Lavinia, come,
[*He cuts their throats.*
Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd. —
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.
[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

Scene III.

The Same. A Pavilion, with Tables, &c.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, *and* Goths; *with* Aaron, *prisoner.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 *Goth.* And ours, with thine, befall what Fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil.
Let him receive no sustenance; fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the Empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings.
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear the Emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

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Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave! —
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. —
[*Exeunt* Goths *with* AARON. *Trumpets sound.*
The trumpets shew the Emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS *and* TAMORA, *with* Tribunes, Senators, *and* Others.

Sat. What! hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The company sit down at table.*

Enter TITUS, *dressed like a cook*, LAVINIA, *veiled*, young LUCIUS, *and* Others. TITUS *places the dishes on the table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread Queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all. Although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs: please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your Highness and your Empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

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Tit. An if your Highness knew my heart, you were. —
My lord the Emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?
Sat. It was, Andronicus.
Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!
Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.
Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like: —
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee:
[*He kills* LAVINIA.
And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!
Sat. What hast thou done? unnatural and unkind!
Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woeful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
[To do this outrage; — and it is now done.]
Sat. What! was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.
Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your Highness feed?
Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter [thus]?
Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.
Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,

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Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.
[*Killing* TAMORA.

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.
[*Killing* TITUS.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
[*Killing* SATURNINUS. *A great tumult. The* People *in confusion disperse.* MARCUS, LUCIUS, *and their partisans, ascend the steps before* TITUS's *house.*

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, [*to* LUC.] Rome's dear friend; as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's Troy.
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief;

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But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utt'rance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murther'd our Emperor's brother;
And they it was that ravished our sister.
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child:
Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.

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The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss? Shew us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak! and, if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Romans. Lucius, all hail! Rome's royal Emperor. —

LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and the rest, descend.*

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
[*To the* Attendants.
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
[*Exeunt some* Attendants.

Romans. Lucius, all hail! Rome's gracious governor.

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile, —
For nature puts me to a heavy task. —
Stand all aloof; — but, uncle, draw you near,

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To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk. —
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kisses* TITUS.
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy: come, come, and learn of us
To melt in show'rs. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy:
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again. —
O Lord! I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, *with* AARON.

1 *Rom.* You sad Andronici, have done with woes.
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:

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If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.
Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.
Luc. Some loving friends convey the Emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey.
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the State,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*

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NOTES ON TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 341. "I *am* his first-born son": — The folio only misprints, "I *was*," &c.

" "*Romans*," &c.: — As a matter of orthoepy, it is perhaps worthy of notice that throughout this play, and generally in English books printed before the middle of the seventeenth century, this word is spelled *Romaines* or *Romanes*. 'Romaine' could hardly have been pronounced *roman*.

p. 342. "To justice, *continence*," &c.: — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 plausibly has, "To justice *conscience*, and nobility."

p. 343. "—— so I do *affy*": — I have faith.

Scene II.

" There is no change of place here; but as the stage is left vacant, and there is no connection between what has been done by the personages who have just left it and what is to be done by those who are just coming on it, the division made by Malone, and recognized in the concordances and in quotations, had better be left undisturbed. The case is analogous to that of Scene 3 of Act I. of *Measure for Measure*. See the Note thereon.

p. 344. "—— that hath discharg'd *her* fraught": — The folio and both 4tos., by a common typographical error, "*his* fraught."

p. 345. "*Patient* yourself": — The use of 'patient' as a verb was not uncommon with the writers of Shakespeare's time.

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p. 347. "—— here *are* no storms": — The second folio obtains a fine reading by omitting 'are.'

" "—— *Solon's happiness*": — Solon said that no man could be called happy before his death.

p. 348. "Be chosen with *proclamations*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, speciously, "with *acclamations*."

p. 349. "—— strengthen with thy *friends*": — The old copies, down to the third folio, (1664,) have the trifling misprint, "thy *friend*."

" "—— and *noble* Tribunes here": — So the folio. The 4to. of 1611, "*people's* Tribunes."

" "Lavinia will I make my *empress*": — Here and elsewhere in this play 'empress' is a trisyllable, and it is sometimes so printed in the old copies. Five lines above, 'election' is a quadrisyllable, according to a common usage of Shakespeare's day, which is remarked elsewhere in these Notes.

p. 351. "*No, Titus, no*," &c.: — In the old folio and 4to. copies this line is preceded by the following stage direction: "*Enter aloft the* Emperour, *with* Tamora *and her two sonnes*, and *Aron* the Moore." They were to appear in the little gallery which was put to such various uses on our old stage. Why they were to go there it is difficult to divine; but Mr. Collier well remarks that "the stage directions in this Scene are not easily understood."

p. 352. "Was [*there*] none [*else*] in Rome," &c.: — So the second folio. The earlier editions, "Was none in Rome to make a stale;" from which, perhaps, were the point of more importance, and relating to another play, it would not be desirable, as it is not necessary, to deviate.

p. 354. "He is not *with* himself": — The folio omits 'with,' by manifest accident. The phrase is the converse of 'He is beside himself.'

" "*The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax*": — The allusion, as Theobald remarked, (whose note Steevens 'conveyed' and presented as his own,) is to a part of Sophocles' tragedy *Ajax*, in which Ulysses ("wise Laertes' son") and Teucer strenuously and successfully plead with Agamemnon for permission to bury the body of Ajax.

p. 355. "—— these *dreary dumps*": — 'Dump' originally meant a melancholy passage of poetry or music. The folio has, "*sudden* dumps," which, as Mr. Dyce has suggested, may be a misprint for 'sullen dumps.'

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p. 355. "*Yes, and will nobly,*" &c. : — This line, found only in the folio, is there made a part of *Titus'* speech, by neglect to give it the proper prefix. As Malone remarked, it is manifestly the reply of *Marcus* to *Titus*.

" "—— your *prize*" : — Perhaps better, *prise* — a French term of the fencing school.

p. 356. "And so supplant *you*" : — Thus the 4to. of 1600. That of 1611 misprinted, "supplant *us*," which was not corrected in the folio.

n. 358. "[*All rise*" : — Here the old copies read, —

"*Stand up*, Lavinia, though you left me like a churl."

But, as Mr. Dyce has suggested, "Stand up" is a stage direction which was accidentally added to the line. Sense and rhythm are perfect without these two words; and stage directions used to be written in this brief, imperative style.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

" "Advanced *above* pale envy's," &c. : — The folio misprints, "Aduanced *about*," &c.

p. 359. "Upon her *will*" : — Although the old copies have, "Upon her *wit*," and *Tamora* has wit, I have no doubt that Warburton and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, in reading, "Upon her *will*," corrected the very easy mistaking of *wil* for *wit*.

" "—— and *servile* thoughts" : — So the 4to. of 1600. The 4to. of 1611 has, by some error we may be sure, "and *idle* thoughts," which poor reading was left uncorrected in the folio.

" "—— this *nymph*" : — So the 4to. of 1600. The 4to. of 1611 has, "this *queen*," with manifest error; the word having been caught from the end of the preceding line. The error was not corrected in the folio.

p. 360. "*Clubs! clubs!*" — This was the cry of the London 'prentices in a tumult, as all readers of *The Fortunes of Nigel* will remember.

" "It is to *jet*," &c. : — i. e., to encroach. See the Note on "begins to jut," *Richard the Third*, Act II. Sc. 4, p. 288. The folio misprints, "It is to *set*."

p. 361. "—— *whom I love*" : — The folio has, very redundantly, "whom I *do* love," in which it but copies a misprint of the 4to. of 1611.

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p. 362. "A speedier course *than* ling'ring languishment": — All editions before Rowe's had, "A speedier course *this*," &c.

" "—— with her *sacred* wit": — i. e., her accursed wit. Where an Englishman uses the national oath a Frenchman exclaims, *Sacré!*

" "—— *file our engines with advice*": — i. e., facilitate the working of our machinations by her advice.

p. 363. "—— till I find the *stream*": — The folio has the misprints, "the *streams*," and, in the next line, "*their* fits."

SCENE II.

p. 364. "I have been [*broad*] awake": — The folio only omits 'broad,' accidentally, without a doubt.

" "Makes way, and *run*," &c.: — The folio misprints, "and *runnes*."

SCENE III.

" "And never after to *inherit* it": — A very clear and marked instance of the use of 'inherit' in the sense of acquire, possess.

p. 366. "Unfurnish'd of *her* well beseeming troop": — So the 4to. of 1600; that of 1611, "*our* well beseeming troop," in which misprint it was followed by all other old editions.

" "Should *drive* upon thy new-transformed limbs": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, with specious literalism, has, "Should *dine*," &c. The 4to. of 1611 has, "*his* new-transformed limbs," in which it was followed by subsequent old copies.

p. 367. "Accompanied [*but*] with," &c.: — The 4to. of 1611 omitted 'but,' and was followed by the folio.

" "—— shall have *note* of this": — The folio and the 4tos. have, "shall have *notice*," &c. — erroneously, as Steevens observed, and as the next line shows.

" "Why *have I* patience?" — The folio and the 4tos., "Why *I have*," &c.; but the interrogation mark at the end of the line shows that this is the result of mere accidental transposition.

" "—— as many *urchins*": — i. e., hedgehogs.

p. 368. "*Or be ye not*," &c.: — It seems to me more than probable that this line was written, —

"Or *be not* henceforth call'd my childeren."

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p. 368. "Ay, come, *Semiramis*": — Semiramis was noted not only for the unrestrained indulgence of natural sexual passion, but for unnatural and monstrous appetites.

" "And with *that painted hope* braves your mightiness": — A line manifestly, and it would seem hopelessly, corrupt. But perhaps we might read, "And with that *faint* hope braves," &c.

" "—— the honey *ye* desire": — 4tos. and folio, "*we* desire," which was corrected in the second folio.

p. 369. "What! wouldst thou have me *prove myself a bastard?*" — *Lavinia* says nothing about *Chiron's* father; but his reply would justify the belief that *Tamora* had played false with a true Milesian. How was he to prove himself "a bastard," by being unlike *his mother?*

Scene IV.

p. 372. "—— like to *a* slaughter'd lamb": — The folio only misprints, "*the* slaughter'd lamb."

" "—— the dead man's *earthy* cheeks": — So the 4to. of 1600; the 4to. of 1611 misprinted, "*earthly* cheeks," and was followed by the folio.

p. 374. "Some never-heard-of *torturing* pain": — 4tos. and folio have, "*tortering* paine" — a common spelling, and indicative of the common pronunciation of *ure* in Shakespeare's time.

Scene V.

p. 375. "—— she can *scrowl*": — The folio misprints, "she can *scowl*."

p. 376. "As *have* thy love": — The old copies, absurdly, "As *half* thy love. The error was independently corrected by Theobald and Mr. Dyce, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "—— some *Tereus hath defloured thee*": — Tereus, King of Thrace, married Progne, to whose sister Philomela he was much attached, and of whom he at last became desperately enamored. He ravished her, and, to free himself from her reproaches and her accusations, cut out her tongue. She finally made known her situation by means of her needle, (sampler fashion): she was succored by her sister Progne, who took revolting and unnatural vengeance upon Tereus. Progne was changed into a swallow, and Philomela into a nightingale. So goes the old story.

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p. 376. "And lest thou should'st detect *him*": — Rowe corrected the misprint, "detect *them*," which is found in all the old copies.

p. 377. "*Which that sweet tongue hath made*": — This line is imperfect in all the old copies, and plainly by accident. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 completes it in one way by reading, "Which that sweet tongue hath made *in minstrelsy*;" and, as Mr. Dyce remarks, the reader, if the gods have made him poetical, can complete it in another.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

p. 378. "For these, [*these*] Tribunes": — The text of the second folio is the first in which 'these' is repeated. Some word is needed; and Malone read, "*good* Tribunes."

" "[*Throwing himself on the ground*": — The old stage direction is, "*Andronicus lieth down, and the Judges pass by him.*"

" "—— these two ancient *urns*": — The old copies, "ancient *ruines*," an easy misprint for '*urnes*.' The correction was left for Hanmer to make.

" "*Why, 'tis no matter, man:* if they," &c.: — The 4to. of 1600 (for the readings of which I, like other editors, am dependent upon Mr. Collier's collations) gives this text, which is perhaps not uncorrupted. The 4to. of 1611 has —

"Why tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me; or if they did marke
All bootless unto them
Therefore I tell my sorrows bootless to the stones," &c.

The folio then has, with a new variation of error, —

"Why tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me: *oh* if they did *heare*
They would not pitty me.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes *bootless* to the stones," &c.

p. 379. "Titus, prepare thy *aged* eyes": — The 4to. of 1611 has, "*noble* eyes," caught from the next line below, which misprint went uncorrected in the folio.

p. 380. "For hands to do Rome service *are* but vain": — The folio and the 4to. of 1611 have, "*is* but vaine." Qu. the 4to. of 1600?

p. 381. "—— she knows *them* innocent": — So the 4to. of 1600; that of 1611 and the folio have, "*him* innocent."

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p. 381. "—— *like* meadows yet not dry": — The error of all the old copies, "*in* meadows," &c., was corrected by Rowe.

p. 382. "—— with *his* true tears all bewet": — 4tos. and folio have, "with *her* true tears," &c. The undeniable correction was made in the folio of 1685.

p. 383. "—— on the enemy's *castle*": — 'Castle,' whether or not it is, as Grose conjectured, (*Ancient Armour*, p. 12,) a corruption of the French *casquetel*, signified a close, strong helmet.

p. 385. "—— her sighs do *blow*": — The 4tos. and the folio, "do *flow*," which the second folio corrected.

" "*For why* my bowels," &c.: — i. e., because my bowels, &c.

p. 386. "—— with this *dear* sight": — 'Dear' has here, as in many other passages in these plays, some of which have been pointed out, an intensifying, superlative sense which it is not easy to express or explain, but which, though it may be difficult of comprehension to some, is easy of apprehension by all. Its force is entirely of degree, not at all of kind; and it is applied indiscriminately to that which is good and that which is bad, that which is welcome and that which is unwelcome, that which is loved and that which is hated. We still say, "my dearest friend;" but *Hamlet* (Act I. Sc. 2) says, "my dearest foe."

" "—— will I control *my* griefs": — Theobald, with much plausibility, read, "*thy* griefs." The old text has, however, a very clear and appropriate meaning.

" "Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these *aims*": — The folio has, "*And* Lavinia thou shalt be *employd* in these *things*," from which the 4tos. differ only in reading, "these *armes*." It seems clear to me that the reading of the folio is a sophistication of that of the 4tos., and that the latter is a misprint for "these *aimes*." 'Aim,' in the sense of plan, design, does not need the support which it receives from its use elsewhere in these plays. — 'And' was probably caught from the line above. It was first omitted in the second folio.

p. 387. "He *leaves* his pledges": — The old copies, "He *loves*," &c., which Rowe corrected.

Scene II.

" "*Who*, when my heart," &c.: — The 'who' here certainly makes the passage entirely inconsequential. But

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Mr. Dyce asks, and, in my opinion, with much reason, if this may not be due to the author's ungrammatical use of the relative. Rowe and subsequent editors change 'who' to 'and,' regardless of the utter dissimilarity of the words in form and sound.

p. 388. "—— *mash'd* upon her cheeks": — The not very happy allusion is, it need hardly be said, to the mash-tub of the brewing house.

p. 389. "And buz lamenting *doings*," &c.: — A very unsatisfactory reading. Theobald, with some plausibility, read, "lamenting *dolings*."

p. 390. "*Yet I think*": — An imperfect line, which the reader can amend by reading, '*Why*, yet I think,' or 'Yet *still* I think,' or '*But* yet I think,' or 'Yet *do* I think,' or 'Yet I *do* think,' or by almost any other monosyllabic alteration of the line that may occur to him.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

p. 391. "*Canst thou not guess*," &c.: — By the absence of the required prefix, this line is made a part of the preceding speech in the old editions. But the third line of Young *Lucius*' following speech shows that he is not replying to his "grandsire" *Titus*.

p. 392. "*What book?*" — These words appear only in the folio. Mr. Dyce suggests that "perhaps the transcriber had inadvertently passed on to the line, 'Lucius, what book,' &c., and when he afterwards perceived his mistake, and drew his pen through the misplaced line, he may have left two words of it not fully blotted out." — But it should be remarked that *Lavinia* is searching among the books; and perhaps the line is mutilated.

" "—— how she *quotes* the leaves": — i. e., observes them; as in *Hamlet*, Act II. Sc. 2: —

> "I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
> I had not quoted him."

p. 393. "—— to *this* shift": — The folio has, by accidental repetition, "to *that* shift."

" "—— the woful *feere*": — 'Feere,' from the Anglo-Saxon *fera* = a companion, was used of old for 'wife.'

p. 394. "But if you *hunt* these bear-whelps": — So the folio and the 4to. of 1611. (Qu. as to that of 1600?) Rowe and many subsequent editors needlessly read, "But if

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you *hurt*," &c. The first line of this speech is probably mutilated.

p. 394. "And with a *gad* of steel": — 'Gad' is the Anglo-Saxon for any pointed weapon, or the point of any weapon; and an ox gad or goad was originally a rod tipped with a point. The name has remained, although a lash has taken the place of the point.

SCENE II.

p. 395. "[*That you are both decipher'd*," &c.: — This line, found in both 4tos., is omitted in the folio. It is necessary to the speech.

p. 396. "Here's no *fond* jest": — The old copies, "*found* jest." But should there be any doubt that here 'found' is a misprint for 'fond' = foolish, as Theobald suggested?

" "And sends *them* weapons": — The 4to. of 1611 misprinted, "*the* weapons;" and the folio repeated the error.

"At such a *bay*": — i. e., in such a situation, under such circumstances. So in the *Passionate Pilgrim*: "Ah, that I had my lady at this bay!"

p. 398. "*Zounds!*" — So the 4tos. The folio, "*Out!*" doubtless in consequence of the statute against profanity so often referred to.

"Sweet *blowse*": — If 'blowsy' mean ruddy and fat-faced, which it seems to do, the substantive would seem not correctly applied to a new-born black-a-moor child. Perhaps it had passed into a familiar term of jocose endearment for a child.

" "—— I have *done* thy mother": — As to this use of 'do,' see the Note on "I could not do withal," *Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. 4, p. 254.

p. 399. "—— upon this *ignomy*": — Mr. Collier says, "All the copies read, *ignomy*." The first folio has, "*ignominy*," erroneously, as the rhythm shows.

" "—— another *leer*": — i. e., another look, another complexion.

p. 400. "—— *as* Aaron storms": — The folio misprints, "*at* Aaron storms."

" "Not far, one *Muli lives*": — The old copies have, "one *Muliteus*." It seems very clear that 'Muli liues' (perhaps written closely together) was mistaken for 'Muliteus' by a transcriber or compositor. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "Not far *hence* Muli *lives*."

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p. 400. "Go, *pack* with him": — i. e., plot with him. So "a pack, a conspiracy against me," *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act IV. Sc. 2, and "That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her, could witness it," *Comedy of Errors*, Act V. Sc. 1.

SCENE III.

p. 401. "*Sir boy, let* me see your archery": — The second folio mended the rhythm of this line by reading, "Sir boy, *now* let me," &c.

p. 402. "*Happely* you may find her," &c.: — All the old copies have here a derangement of the verse; and the folio prints, "*haply* you may find," &c.; the 4to. of 1611, "*happily* you may find," &c. The word is plainly 'happely' = by happe, it being intended that the superfluous terminal *e* should be pronounced. See *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. Sc. 2, p. 128. Several other instances occur in these plays.

p. 403. "To *Saturn*, Caius," &c.: — The old text, "To *Saturnine*, Caius," which Rowe corrected.

" "—— O, well *said*, Lucius!" — i. e., well done. See "well said, Davy," Second Part of *Henry the Fourth*, Act V. Sc. 3.

SCENE IV.

p. 406. "Of *egal* justice": — This, the French form of 'equal,' was in constant use in Shakespeare's day.

"—— you know [*as do*] the mightful gods": — The words "as do" were supplied by Rowe. Some equivalent phrase is plainly required; and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "you know, the mightful gods *no less*."

"—— in his *wreaks*": — i. e., his wrathful fits.

p. 407. "My life blood *on't*": — The old copies have the senseless words, "*Thy* life blood *out*" — an easy misprint for the text.

" "Enter *Æmilius*": — In the old copies, "*Enter* Nuntius *Æmilius*," doubtless meaning merely that *Æmilius* comes as a messenger.

" "*Arm*, my lords": — Mr. Sidney Walker plausibly reads, "Arm, *arm*, my lords," for rhythm's sake.

p. 408. "—— the shadow of his *wings*": — The passage is in alternate rhymes, and therefore Mr. Knight reads, "*wing*," and is followed by Mr. Dyce. But all the old editions read, "wings," much to the advantage of the sense; and

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see the Note on "then turn tears to fire," *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. Sc. 2.

p. 408. "—— or *honey-stalks* to sheep": — Johnson says that honey-stalks are sweet clover flowers.

p. 409. "—— *be* our embassador": — The 4to. of 1611 has, "*to* be our Embassadour;" the folio, "*to* our Embassadour." The true reading is manifest.

" "[*Even at his father's house,*" &c.: — This needful line is found only in the 4to. of 1611.

" "Then go *successantly*": — So the old copies. Most editors read, "*successfully*," without need or warrant, in my judgment.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

p. 411. "*Get me a ladder*": — These words are assigned to *Aaron* in the old copies, with almost manifest error. However desperate and reckless *Aaron* might have been, he would hardly have volunteered an order to facilitate the vengeance of his foes.

p. 412. "—— call'st thou that *trimming*": — i. e., call'st thou that dressing. See the Note on "a new untrimmed bride," *King John*, Act III. Sc. 1, p. 122.

p. 413. "That *codding* spirit": — i. e., that love of amorous bed sports. From 'cod' = a pillow.

" "Few come within *the* compass": — The folio only misprints, "Few come within *few* compass."

p. 414. "Even when their *sorrow* almost *was* forgot": — The old copies, "Even when their *sorrowes*," &c. The modern reading hitherto has been, "their *sorrows* almost *were* forgot." But see, three lines below, "Let not your *sorrow* die."

Scene II.

p. 415. "*Titus appears at a door above*": — *Titus* seems here to have appeared in the balcony at the back of the stage, which was made, as *Julia* found was the case with the furniture in the *Duke Aranza's* cottage, to serve "for fifty uses."

p. 416. "By working *wreakful* vengeance on *thy* foes": — i. e., wrathful vengeance. The folio misprints, "on *my* foes," and, in the previous line, "in *the* mind."

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p. 417. "—— about the *globe*": — The old copies, "the globes," the *s* being plainly the mere superfluous addition so often made.

" "And find out *murtherers* in their guilty *caves*": — Folio and 4tos. have "*murder*" and "*cares*." Steevens first read, "murderers;" but 'cares' was changed to 'caves' in the second folio.

" "Are *they* thy ministers": — The 4to. of 1611 has, "Are *them*," &c., which misprint is copied in the folio. In the next line the same old editions have, "*Rape* and Murder;" but that the second folio is correct in reading, "*Rapine*," &c., appears by the rhythm, by the fourth line above, and by the third line of *Titus*' second speech below.

" "—— and I must *ply* my theme": — Thus the 4tos. The folio has, "*play* my theame;" and I am not quite sure that the allusion is not musical, and that the reading of the folio is not a correction of a misprint.

p. 420. "[*And stop their mouths*," &c.: — This line, found in both 4tos., is omitted from the folio by some accident of the printing office, as we may conclude from the comma which in that edition appears at the end of the preceding line.

p. 421. "And of the paste *a coffin* I will rear": — The paste which gave form to a pie was called the coffin; and the word, from κοφινος = a wicker basket, seems to have been applied of old to any moulded cavity.

" "—— her [*own*] increase": —The folio only of the old copies omits 'own.'

Scene III.

p. 424. "[*To do this outrage*," &c.: — This line is omitted in the folio, manifestly by accident. So with 'thus' in the third line below.

p. 425 "*Lest Rome herself*," &c.: — From this line the 4tos. assign this speech to a "*Roman Lord*," and the folio to a "*Goth*." But it is manifestly a continuation of *Marcus*' speech, as Steevens and Malone thought. Capell restored the lines to that speech; and the same correction was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 426. "Here is *a* captain": — Mr. Sidney Walker very plausibly proposes, "Here is *our* captain."

" "*Then*, noble auditory": — The folio alone misprints, "*This* noble auditory."

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p. 426. "And I *am turn'd forth*," &c.: — Thus the folio. The 4tos., "And I am *the* turn'd forth," &c., which reading, although it overburdens the line and adds nothing required by the sense of the passage, many editors prefer.

p. 427. "*Damn'd* as he is": — The old copies have, "*And* as he is," of which reading nothing can be made. The happy correction, due to Theobald, is supported, for those to whom it needs support, by a passage in *Othello* (Act I. Sc. 3) in which *Brabantio* says to *Othello*, "Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her" — i. e., *Desdemona*.

" "Now judge what *cause*," &c.: — Until the appearance of the folio of 1685, the reading was, "what *course*," &c.

" "*Lucius, all hail*," &c.: — This line and its counterpart, five lines below, are made part of *Marcus'* speech in the old copies; but the strange interruption which that arrangement involves, the reply of *Lucius*, "Thanks, gentle Romans," and the carelessness of the old texts of this play with regard to prefixes, warrant the change which Steevens made.

" "—— *give me aim* awhile": — Mr. Collier conjeccures that "give me aim," which means direct me, is a misprint for "give me *room*." But might we not better read, "give me *air* a while"? — for the people are all evidently thronging round him, and he asks them to stand aloof because nature puts him to a heavy task.

END OF VOL. IX.

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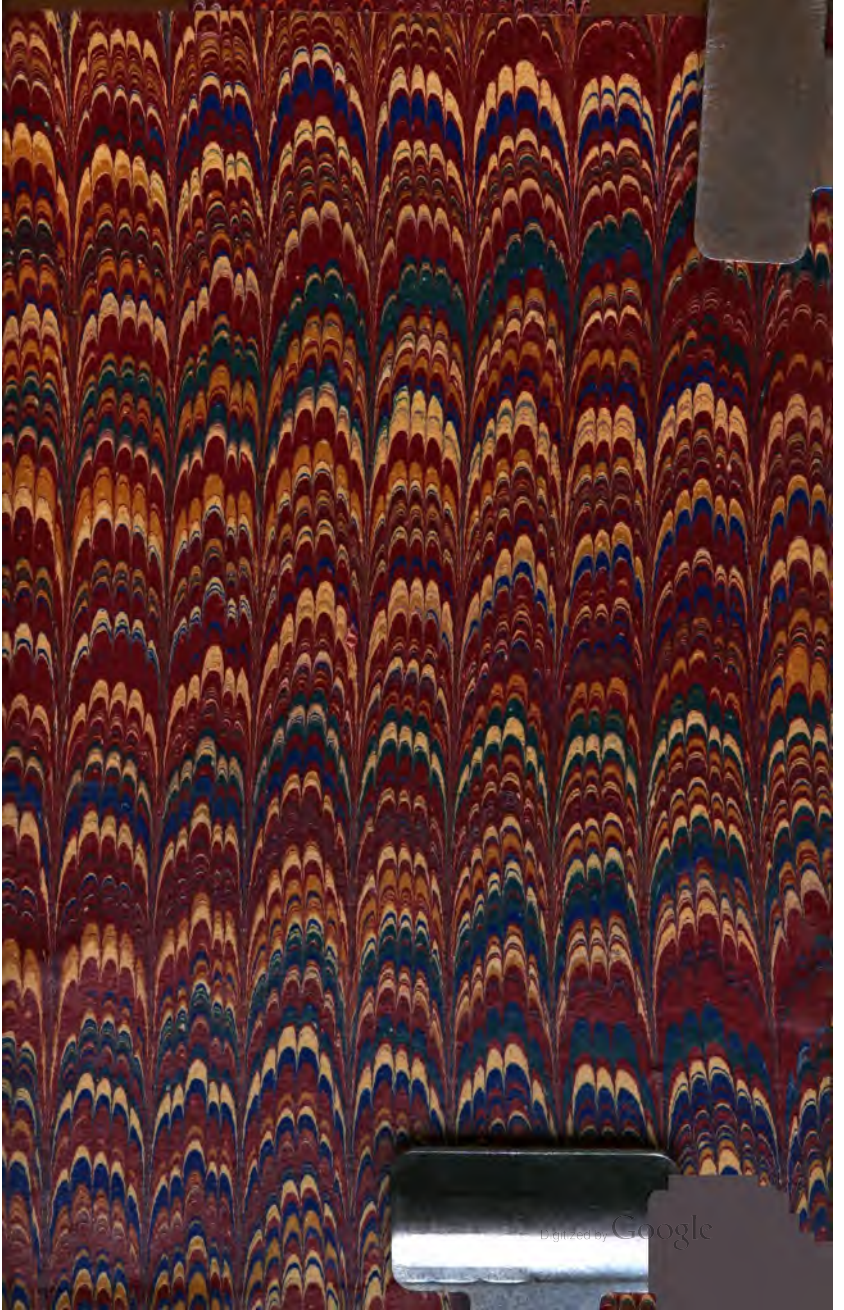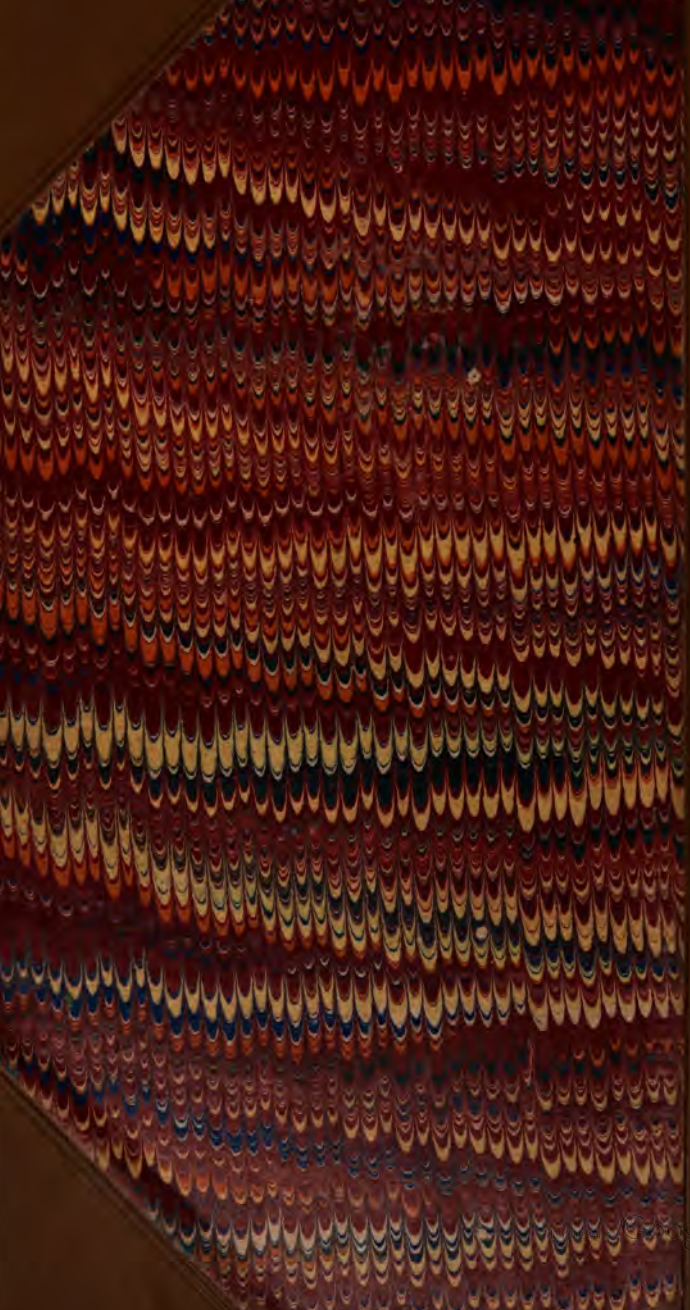
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